

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

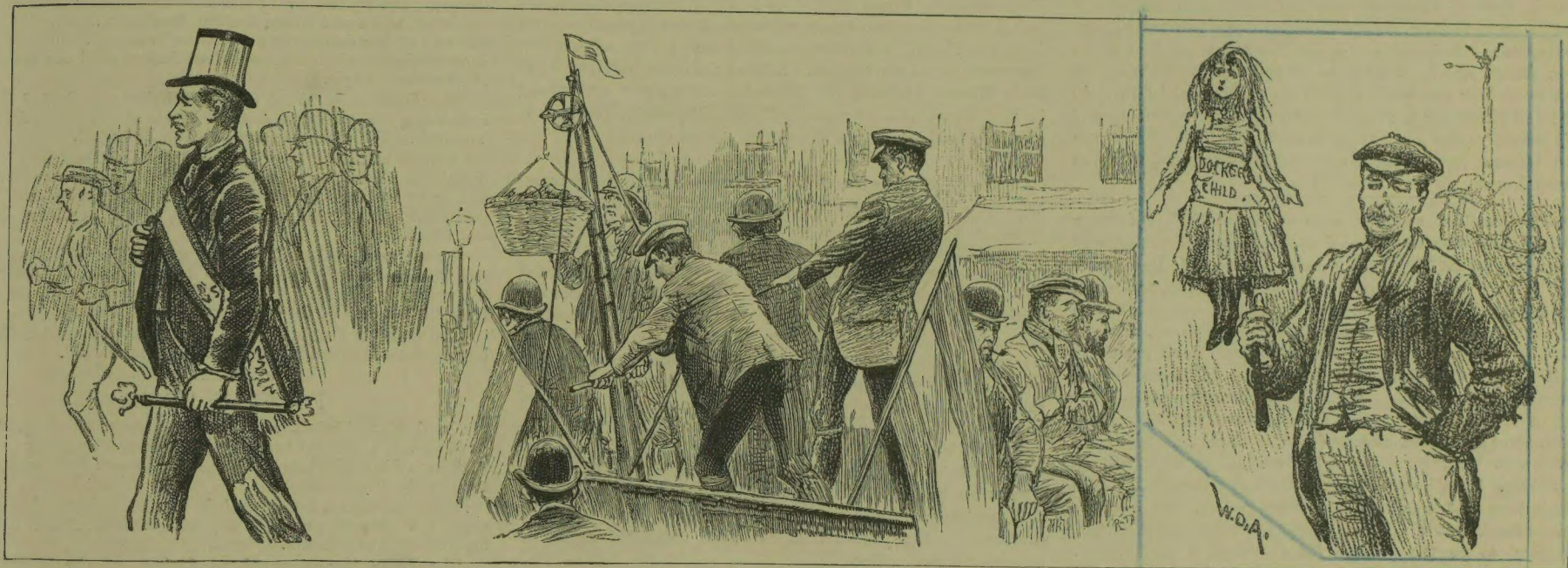


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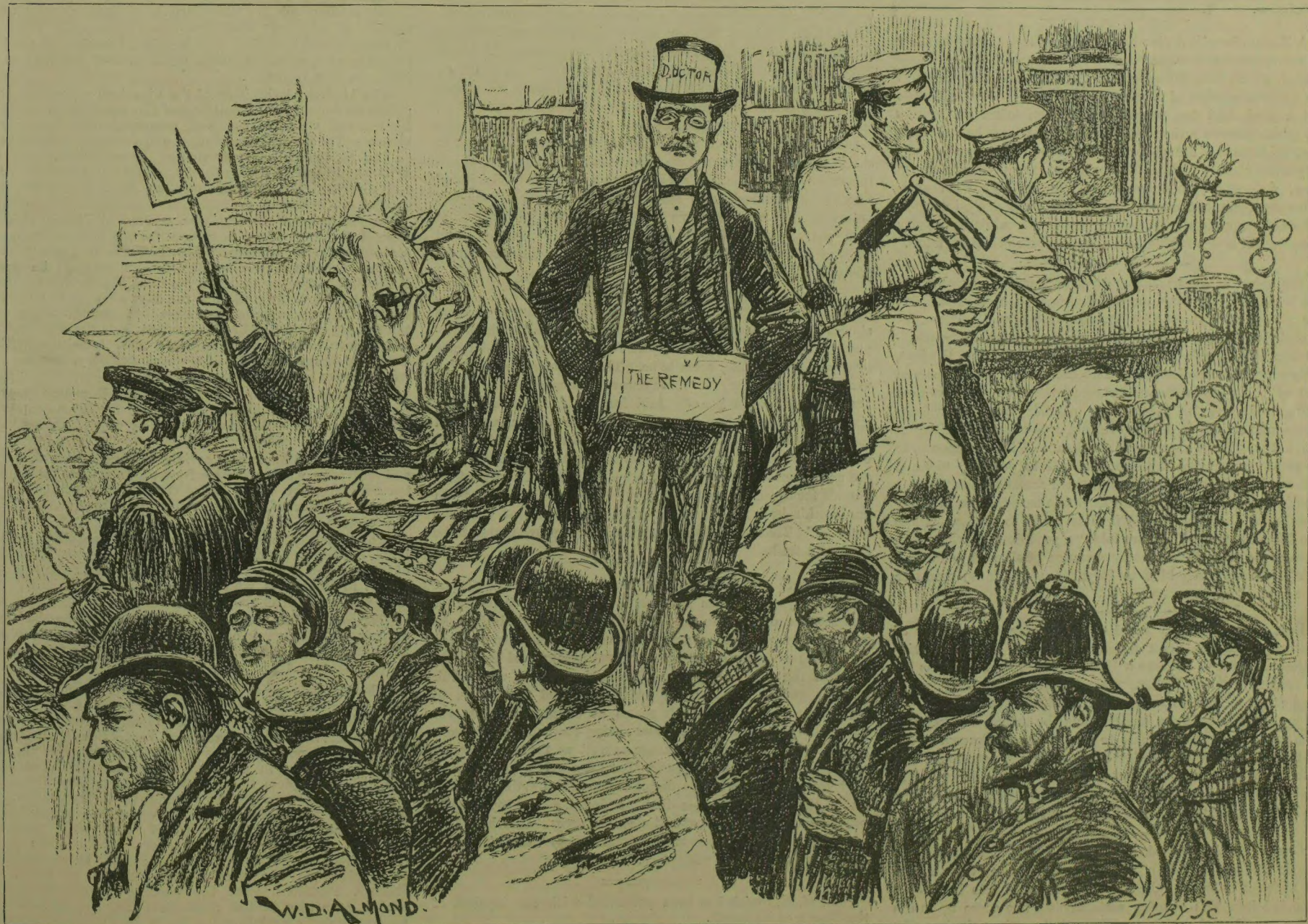
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LEADER OF THE PROCESSION.

THE "COALIES' " CAR.

"POOR DOCKER'S BABY."



"FATHER NEPTUNE" IN THE PROCESSION.

THE DOCK LABOURERS' GREAT STRIKE IN LONDON.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It must be sad to be killed by mistake (as has just happened to a well-known actor), even by the newspapers, though they themselves perform that sad office with great delicacy. If you are a person of much importance they always "deeply regret to learn," and, if of any at all, "record with sorrow" your departure to a wider sphere of usefulness. Correspondents—let us hope genuine ones—write to say how noble was your nature, though some people had a mistaken impression to the contrary, and that if your husk was a little rough your kernel was tender. Some describe your birth, parentage, and education, with (so to speak) the feather ends of their pens, and others your domestic life, as being little lower than that of the angels. This burst of sunshine lasts, perhaps, for forty-eight hours, when your horizon darkens, and the spiteful scribes begin to have their innings. You were personally popular, it is true—with a certain class—but it must be confessed that your morals were not on a par with your manners; you were well born, to a certain extent, no doubt, but then you were not legitimate; and though you were a University man there was a very good reason why you didn't take your degree. By the week's end everybody has forgotten all about you, unless you owed them money. But if you are alive all the time, and have no means of "stopping the Press" by stating the fact till after the later obituaries have appeared, one's position must be painful. Even if the earlier ones only have seen the light it must be embarrassing, because having been painted in such glowing terms it behoves you for the future to live up to them. That, like Lord Brougham, you pretended to die in order to see how you would look in rose colour, is certain to be said: and altogether it would be safer and more satisfactory if one's obituary was written by oneself and forwarded to the Press by some person (such as one's heir) who could really be depended upon.

"Oh! swallow, swallow, ever flying south" is from a ballad that can now be depended upon for accuracy, as regards the merits of that bird as a message-bearer: M. Desbouvrie finds it to be as trustworthy as a carrier pigeon, and much more speedy. If it only flies south, however, of course it can be only used one way, which detracts from its usefulness. For my part, I am surprised it can be so utilised at all, for I generally see it flying round and round. If one of them doesn't make a summer, he makes a good many summersaults. The German military authorities, I read, "are watching these experiments with great interest," and, if they can't teach the swallows to carry for them, will doubtless do their best to shoot them. This, however, is not so easy; though the late Captain Ross used to do it with a pistol bullet. Its kin, the swift, is the fastest of all birds except the eagle, which ought, by rights, to do the postage for the French nation. M. Desbouvrie's success is said to be owing to his having invented some tid-bits on which the swallow dotes; and which he will fly ninety miles for. The human swallow is similarly attracted by dainties.

A Nonconformist divine has been preaching against reading the newspaper until our day's work is done, which an ingenious journal, which does not appear in the morning, has described as a "commendation of evening newspapers." It is quite true that a good deal too much time is often taken up in this way; but it seems rather hard to deny even the busiest man a few minutes, not for gleaning the news of the morning, but for glancing at it. There is sometimes news which, not to know, not only places one at a disadvantage with one's fellow-creatures, but may seriously prejudice one's interests. "The newspaper is a great robber," says the minister happily enough; but it is a robber who gives far more than he takes.

The object of most trades is to secure material as cheap as possible, and sell it when manufactured at a high rate. But now and then, it seems, this practice is reversed. Those, for example, who live by stealing pewter-pots from public-houses—and how largely this calling is followed is clear from the fact, lately proved in a police-court, that one individual had stolen 2000 of them—take the manufactured article (off the area railings), destroy its identity by placing it under wagon-wheels, and reduce it to its original condition by smelting it into a bar. What cost 3s. 6d. is then sold for threepence, to the great convenience of those who deal in pewter. Since it afterwards becomes a pot again, there seems no limit to this ingenious commerce, for which the same material (as in fancy branches of the water trade) is thus made to suffice. Those who follow it "wear," we are told, "a good deal of whitewash in order to give them the appearance of honest painters," which (unless it is a hint to Royal Academicians) seems in some need of explanation.

But, after all, what are English thieves, in the way of ingenuity, compared with the Indian ones? The last device of theirs, I read, is to make a little pocket in their gullets for the reception of coin, which, when accused of stealing, gives them an air of native innocence, and defies the searcher. It is formed by dropping a bullet down the throat, and keeping it in position a sufficient time to create a bag unknown to the anatomist. That every bullet has its billet is notorious; but that it should know exactly where to stop is strange. It reminds one of the humorous conversationalist, who "knew the laws of gravity, but would not obey them."

One never knows what to think about the tales one's friends tell us of Indian thieves and jugglers; tiger stories are nothing to them; the Eastern conjurors who have been imported into this country certainly do not come up to the native samples of which travellers tell. They don't make plants arise from the bare earth (but only from platforms, which is very different) and bring forth fruit out of their seasons; much less "upon a tablecloth being removed" are

they found sitting up in the air supported on nothing. I sometimes think that that tablecloth being removed has something to do with these amazing performances being given only to after-dinner witnesses.

Queen Marguerite of Italy has been earning distinction by climbing mountains, and one of our own Princesses by descending mines; but it is an error to state, as the papers do, that this last is a new experience to members of the Royal family. Years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales both visited the Botallack mine in Cornwall—the only one, I believe, which runs out under the sea. Though not a Royal personage myself, I set some store (if others may think it a fancy value) upon my humble existence, and I cannot say I enjoyed that adventure. In miner's clothes (though not, of course, long clothes), with a tallow candle stuck on one's forehead, one gets into a railway-truck, that goes down an incline (which seems to be perpendicular) into a hole apparently much too small for it—after which all is damp and darkness, till you reach the bottom. There you hear the sea over your head, and your guide says, "There is now only two feet between you and the ocean." Then, in spite of your recommendation to take it from the floor, he picks a bit out of that scanty ceiling, for you to carry home with you. The Prince and Princess got champagne down there, but I should have been glad of even a drop of brandy.

I should like to have seen the Shah in the Botallack mine. How damp *he* would have been! The Royalties all over the world must be thoroughly ashamed of the "pusillanimous little cuss." In Vienna he seems to have thrown off his last borrowed rag of civilisation. But, on the other hand, we have King Milan "teaching his beloved country how a crown may be laid down without repining." Unfortunately, however, it was only half a crown, and not a very good one.

"If you can't learn to swim," writes one of those correspondents who are "special" as regards the holiday season only, "you can at least learn to float." This is, after all, but a selfish acquisition. What I should like to learn would be to float a company. That it can be done by almost anyone (of audacity) is clear from the case of the gentleman in the law court the other day who was only waiting for his "promotion money"—£1000—to enable him to pay a debt of £14 odd. At present he was impecunious, but his business was about to be sold, he hoped, for £10,000. "But," exclaimed the astonished Judge, "when the profits of your business don't bring in £14, how can you sell it for all that money?" The defendant blandly replied that he was "floating a company." One hears of the ingenuity of this and that Life-saving Apparatus, but into what insignificance it sinks compared with this commercial invention! For conversion into a limited company it would seem that not even a limited capital is required: debts suffice.

One of the "hebdomadal conferrers of immortality" (as James White, the dramatist, used to call the weekly reviewers) informs us that "the one-volume novel is exterminating the three-volume novel." He might as well say that the hare (or, considering its fecundity, the rabbit) is exterminating the greyhound. There have been excellent plays written in one act; but they are not on the same plane with the equally good ones which are longer. There is no space for the development of character; the *dramatis persone* are too few to be various; and the incidents (if any, which now-a-days seldom happens except in shilling shockers) are apt to be crowded. Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, as a rule, all used a broad canvas. As one looks and longs for a good novel in our wet holidays, those we take down with the greatest pleasure from thin shelves are "Les Misérables," "Monte Cristo," and "Lorna Doone," which are, not one, but six-volume novels; and one wishes them longer.

What is meant by the public taste being in favour of short stories is that they are found most convenient for the newspaper syndicates. The prices paid for them are good, but not nearly so good as they seem to be. Three thousand pounds (to use Eastern imagery) for three one-volume novels is no better than two thousand pounds paid for one in three volumes; since in the former case each requires a new plot, scenery, and incidents all complete. On the stage this is well understood, even by the carpenter; but the poor novelist's little difficulties are not taken into account by anybody. "What, you get fifty pounds for a week's work, do you (because it is published in one week's issue)? Then you make £3000 a year by short stories!" That is how our ready reckoners prove fiction to be so good a trade.

The death of Mr. L. G. Crace has been taken less notice of by the art journals than his merits deserve. As decorator of the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings he was well known, but he was also among the first to improve by the use of colour our ordinary surroundings, and thereby to increase the national gaiety. The æsthetic folk, who think what is gay is vulgar, have mainly confined themselves to sage-green; but to others it seems no advantage in our wet and gloomy climate to make our sitting-rooms like dry duck-ponds, and Mr. Crace had courage as well as taste. From an article in the *Builder* it appears that for nearly a hundred and fifty years there has been a direct succession of artistic decorators in the Crace family—a fact, no doubt, owing to example, convenience, and other natural circumstances. If it had happened in a race of statesmen, lawyers, or writers, it would have been set down to "heredity."

Mr. W. H. Smith has been presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Kirkwall.

Mr. Ruskin's museum at Walkley has been handed over to the Sheffield Corporation on loan for twenty years. The museum is to be removed to Meersbrook Hall, which was purchased by the corporation a few years ago.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Alice of Hesse, arrived at Balmoral on Aug. 28, after her visit to North Wales. At Aberdeen the Royal party were joined by the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. Ballater was reached at noon, and Balmoral by one o'clock. On the 30th the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Alice of Hesse drove into Braemar, and her Majesty received a very warm greeting from the assembled crowds. Thence they proceeded to Mar Lodge to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Royal party returned by the Lion's Face to Balmoral. Next day Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife visited the Queen and the Royal family at Balmoral, and remained to luncheon. They were met at the bridge by Dr. Profeit and her Majesty's pipers, keepers, and gillies, by whom they were escorted to the castle. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, Sept. 1, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Archibald Campbell, of Crathie, domestic Chaplain to her Majesty, officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse. On the 2nd the Queen entertained the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress at luncheon, and afterwards received them in audience. The Rev. Archibald Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Lord Knutsford is Minister in attendance on her Majesty. The Queen is expected to stay in Scotland till November, when the Court will return to Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales is expected to return to Marlborough House shortly. His Royal Highness, who has benefited by his stay at Homburg, will, it is said, visit Doncaster and Mar Lodge, and subsequently accompany the Princess of Wales to Greece. The Prince and Princess will probably not go into residence at Sandringham before November. The Princess and two of her daughters are still in Denmark. The German Emperor has conferred upon Prince George of Wales the Order of the Black Eagle.

The Duchess of Edinburgh left Coburg on Sept. 1 for St. Petersburg, in consequence of the illness of the Grand Duchess Vladimir. The Duke has proceeded to Balmoral.

A State ball was given by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Poonah on Aug. 29, and 600 guests were invited. The Duke and Duchess are both very popular in India. They will start for England in March next, by way of China, Japan, and Canada.

On the termination of their sojourn at Mar Lodge the Duke and Duchess of Fife will take up their residence for the hunting season at The Hall, Castle Rising, which the Duke rents from the trustees of the late Hon. G. J. Howard.

The Duke of Cambridge has arrived at Gloucester House, having derived much benefit from his stay abroad.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived in Paris on Sept. 3. A bouquet was presented to Mrs. Gladstone at the station.—The working of the telephones throughout France has been taken over by the Government.

King Humbert, accompanied by the Prince of Naples, arrived at Monza on Aug. 30, and witnessed the cavalry manoeuvres at Gallarate.

The death is announced, at Lisbon, of the Marquis de Thomar, Councillor of State and President of the Supreme Court of Administration of Portugal.

The King of the Belgians has created a Supreme Council to sit in Brussels for the purpose of dealing with affairs relating to the Congo Free State.

Dr. Schimmelpenninck van der Oye, President of the First Chamber of the Dutch States-General, died recently at his residence near Deventer.

The Academy Exhibition of the Fine Arts was opened to the public on Sept. 1 in the building of the Academy in Unter den Linden, and shows a falling-off compared with former exhibitions.—The Emperor and Empress of Germany went to Berlin on Aug. 30, and had a private view of the exhibition. The Crown Prince and three of his brothers have returned to Berlin, after a five-weeks stay at Wilhelmshöhe, from which they have derived much benefit.

The Emperor of Austria, who arrived at Vienna on Sept. 2 from Ischl, left again next day for Galicia to attend the manoeuvres near Jaroslaw. The Empress has left Ischl for Lilienfeld, whence she will make a pilgrimage on foot to Maria-Zell, a famous shrine in Styria. The Archduke Charles Louis started on Aug. 28 on a ten-days visit to the towns of Upper Hungary, in order to inspect the sanitary stations of the Society of the Red Cross, of which he is the representative and patron. At the same time the Archduke William, Inspector-General of the Austrian Artillery, inspects the troops in the Hungarian town Miskolcz.

The Shah practically concluded his European tour on Aug. 28, as he left Budapest on that day for Russia on his way homewards. He will travel slowly by way of Odessa, Tiflis, and Batoum.

The Czar and his family arrived at Copenhagen on Aug. 29, and received a warm welcome from the Danish Royal family.—On the 28th, the Grand Duke George of Leuchtenberg was married at Peterhof, St. Petersburg, to Princess Anastasia of Montenegro.

The eighth International Congress of Orientalists, at Stockholm, opened on Sept. 2, under the presidency of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. The Congress is held from Sept. 2 to Sept. 7 in Stockholm, when it migrates to Christiania, and is finally closed at that place on the 11th.

The Simla Fine Arts Exhibition was opened by the Viceroy on Aug. 29.—The work of organising the forces provided by the Native States for frontier defence is rapidly proceeding.

The twenty-second Trades Union Congress was opened at Dundee on Sept. 2, and it was announced to be the largest which has yet been held in the history of the institution. Mr. Ritchie, Secretary to the Local Trades Council, was elected President. A resolution was passed in reference to the strike of dock labourers in London. It recommended the trades of the United Kingdom to support, by contributions, the men on strike, in their just effort to improve their position. The report of the Parliamentary Committee, submitted by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., expressed the view that the question of payment of members would have to be dealt with at no distant period; and it congratulated the Unions on the general improvement of trade. Mr. Ritchie, President, gave the opening address on the 3rd, urging, as a step in the right direction, the limitation of a maximum day's work to eight hours by Parliamentary enactment. The motion of want of confidence in Mr. Broadhurst was rejected by 177 votes to 11, after a long and stormy discussion. Mr. Broadhurst spoke for an hour in his defence, and was enthusiastically cheered.



## THE DOCK LABOURERS' STRIKE.

The liability of London to social "scarcies," which arise immediately upon any temporary hitch in the conditions of labour or traffic, in the relations of "employers and employed," as well as from the renowned distress of the "unemployed," is due partly to the want of accurate knowledge of special circumstances, particularly those of the main industrial operations carried on at "the East-End." Nineteen Londoners in twenty have not, for instance, the slightest acquaintance with any of the docks belonging to this great commercial port—so great as to admit, in the course of last year, 79,000 entries and clearances of sea-going vessels, with an aggregate burthen of 20,609,000 tons, the collective value of the cargoes being 216 millions sterling. Dock business and dock labour are matters of which only a small fraction of the metropolitan community, in any class, from the most intelligent to the simplest, can have any correct information. The panic and excitement occasioned in the last week or two weeks of August by a big "strike" in this department of industry may be allayed by an authentic statement of the case.

There are eleven docks and five principal dock companies in the port of London. The London and St. Katharine Docks Company own, besides the two docks which give them their name, the Albert and Victoria Docks. The East and West India Docks Company are the proprietors of the East and West and South Docks, and also of the recently constructed Tilbury Docks. These two, the largest companies, have abandoned competition with each other, are amalgamated under a working agreement, and are managed by a joint committee. The other docks are the Millwall, the Surrey Commercial, and the Regent's Canal.

The docks are divided into sections, each section having two or more contractors, working in partnership, attached to it. These are exclusively men who have been foremen in the service of the dock for many years. Each section is called by the names of the particular contractors who work it. When a vessel comes in, she is placed alongside one of these sections, and the contractors belonging to it provide for the discharge and warehousing of her cargo. This operation the contractor is under a standing contract in writing with the company to perform at a fixed rate of 10½d. per ton for unloading, and as much again for loading—i.e., redelivering to rail, van, or lighter. Unloading consists of two operations—(1) work in the ship's hold, and (2) the manipulation of the goods after they are out of the ship—i.e., warehousing, sampling, weighing, marking, making merchantable, and examining for marks contrary to the Merchandise Marks Act.

The contractors, when about to unload, proceed to find two gangs of men, one for work in the ship's hold, another for work on the quay. For this purpose the contractor goes to a sub-contractor or ganger, who engages them, and also arranges to do the work, both in the ship and on the quay, at a rate per ton of goods considerably smaller than the rate which is received by the contractor for the same work. A ganger stated that the average price per ton which he received from the contractor was from 4d. to 5d., which left the contractor a margin of 5½d. or 6½d. per ton, out of which he had to find a clerk and weigher. The contractor is also supposed to walk about and supervise the operations.

In most docks, however, the contract system exists side by side with the *plus*, or piece-work, system explained below. At some docks there is more of the one, at some more of the other. The only exception appears to be the case of the East and West India Docks, where the system is exclusively one of piece-work. The *plus* system may be defined as a system of piece-work combined with time-work. Upon a ship's coming into dock, the dock superintendent takes her tonnage and calculates what it ought to cost to discharge her in a given time with a given number of men. The calculation is made on a basis of rates specifying so much money to the ton, and so many tons to the hour. The rates are arrived at as the result of experience, but rest ultimately upon the labour-time consumed in discharging a definite unit of tonnage. The amount having been fixed, one of the dock company's officials engages the requisite number of men at a *minimum* wage of 5d. an hour, it being understood that, if the work is done in a shorter time than calculated by the dock company, the unexhausted balance of the money, called *plus*, will be divided among the men. The aim of this plan is to induce the men to take an interest in their work instead of doing it as machines, and sometimes as rather unwilling machines. But the benefit of the arrangement does not extend to the casual labourers taken on from the gates. The *plus* is only shared by the permanent workmen, the "Royals," as they are called, of whom there are a certain proportion to each gang. In some docks this is a comparative innovation, and it simply means that the poor casual is driven to work harder, in order that the "Royal" may take, in the form of *plus*, a sum which would otherwise have been paid to the casuals, along with the rest, for time-work.

For it must be observed that each dock company gives permanent employment all the year round, at from 20s. to 30s. a week, to a number of stalwart men, who are called preference men, or often, in the language of the inferior grades, "Royals." At some docks—the Millwall, for instance—these men constitute a large proportion of the labourers; at others they are only a sprinkling, and are employed at the same work with the casual labourers, but in the capacity of gangers or foremen.

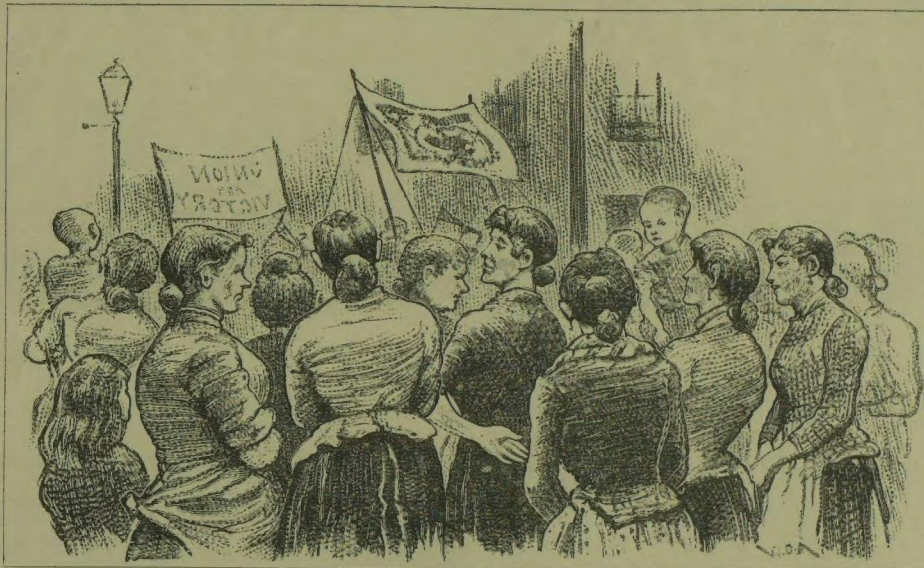
It is the condition of the casual labourers—with the vast and varying numbers of strangers, estimated at from 50,000 to 75,000, seeking jobs at the docks—that presents the chief difficulty from a philanthropic point of view. The dock companies are not morally responsible for the magnitude of this class; and it might safely be said that half or three-fourths of those poor fellows do not properly belong to the dock districts, but are a portion of the surplus mass of unskilled labour that is continually drifting into London, including men who have failed in regular trades. Half of them, whether or not they ever worked anywhere as skilled artisans, have not the physical strength for common heavy labour; but the dock gates are the last resource of men who want food for the day, and are willing to earn it, if they can, by labouring for a few hours. The President of the Local Government Board has given 55 per cent as the average number of those who are unemployed. It is the utter uncertainty of employment which renders the casual dock labourer's earnings so scanty; for the rate per hour by which he is paid is not excessively low. He is paid uniformly at the rate of 5d. an hour, with, in some cases, an extra penny an hour for overtime—i.e., work done between six p.m. and six a.m. At the Tilbury Docks, however, where country rates of wages exert an influence, the rate is only 4d. The average pay earned per week is put down variously at 3s. and 7s. Striking averages

is of course difficult where employment is chiefly a matter of luck. In the docks managed by the "Joint Committee," the East and West India Docks, and Tilbury Docks, there may be three thousand men employed one day, and only two hundred next day; but these are extreme figures. It depends, of course, on the number of ships to be unloaded or laden, and the times at which the shipowners require the work to be done: this depends on the season, the state of trade, the readiness of procuring freight and cargo, and, with sailing vessels, on the state of the wind or weather.

The loading of vessels is done by a class of men called stevedores, not engaged by the dock company; this being an operation requiring considerably more skill and strength than are possessed by the average dock labourer. They work under a master stevedore, who is under contract with the shipowners. In spite of complaints of the undue profits of the master stevedore and the sub-contractors whom he occasionally employs, the stevedore is usually well off. Before the time of the union he had no regular meal times; the day's work was then about twelve hours; the rate of wages was, in the winter, 2s. 7½d., and in the summer 3s. 6d. a day. Now he has stated times for meals, while his wages are 6s. all the year round for a day of nine hours. These rules are submitted to by the shipowners, in spite of the increasing supply of non-union stevedores, who get the benefit of the rules equally with the unionists.

The dock labourers ask, for choice, that they should be employed simply on time-work under the company's own officials. This appears to be done to some extent in the London Docks, the men receiving only 4d. an hour, but many more of them being employed, with the consequence that the work is easier for all. It also prevails at the wharves, where the same work goes on as is done by the dock labourers at the docks. Hence a dock labourer prefers labour at the wharves to labour at the docks, because, wharf machinery not being the most costly, there is not such a hard drive to get the most out of the fewest number of men. But, if it is imperative that the work should be given out in contract, the labourers ask that the men should have the contract themselves, the dock company to supervise through their own foremen. In any case, they demand that their pay should be raised, that the calls should be at stated intervals, and that there should be four hours' work guaranteed to them.

On the other hand, the joint committee of the East and West India and the London and St. Katharine Docks Companies, working by agreement on equal terms and a uniform system (which includes the great Albert, Victoria, and Tilbury



THE DOCK LABOURERS' STRIKE: SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Docks), offered the following conditions for extra labour at the docks under their control: "1. The 5d. rate per hour, with 6d. per hour overtime, to apply to all labour not piece-work, but men taken on before noon if discharged by the dock company to receive not less pay than 2s. 2. Present contract-work to be converted into piece-work as far and as soon as practicable, under which the men will be paid not less than 6d. per hour, with 8d. an hour overtime, and divide the surplus, if any, between them, all payments being made to the men under the supervision of the dock officials. 3. The hours of overtime shall be—at the docks and up-town warehouses from eight p.m. to eight a.m." The leaders of the agitation refused these conditions, demanding 6d. an hour all round for ordinary time, whether piece-work or not, and that overtime should be from six p.m. to six a.m. With regard to the demand, for casuals, that four hours' work should be guaranteed to them at each "call" or job, this was more than granted by the dock companies undertaking to pay a minimum of 2s. for work occupying part of a day, but declining to fix the hour of "overtime" payment, in all cases, at six o'clock. These are the real points of difference between the dock companies and the dock labourers, the former having readily consented to abolish the system of middlemen, contractors, and gangers, and desiring to substitute piece-work under their own foremen.

The shipowners, whose attitude in this dispute, looking to their own commercial interests, has not been friendly to the joint committee of the great dock companies, wish to obtain the right to unload their own cargoes in the docks by gangs of men independent of the dock companies, and to be hired by agents of associated shipping companies. They complain of the dock companies' dues and charges, which include those for unloading, warehousing, weighing, sampling, and marking, and delivering to the vans, railways, or lighters, as being too heavy, under the amalgamated working management of the largest docks. The shipowners, it must be remembered, already have in their hands the business of loading their own vessels, for which they employ the stevedores, independently of the dock company. But the stevedore labourers have joined in the strike with the dock labourers, and so have the lightermen and bargemen, and other workmen about the docks. The losses from delay or stoppage of work at the docks have fallen on the shipowners, incomparably more than on the dock companies. Many ships have been, in part, either unloaded or laden by their officers and apprentices, and even clerks from the City offices of the owners, doing the rough work of common dock labourers or stevedore men, as the crews do not join the ship till she goes to sea. This was done by those in the New Zealand Shipping Company's service, for the mail steam-ship Ruapehu and the sailing-ship Hurunui, in a spirit of loyalty and alacrity which was rewarded with a special vote of thanks.

Our illustrations of the scenes at the dock-gates, on the riverside wharves, and in the streets of the East-End, during this agitation, are so numerous that they cannot be made

subjects of separate comment. The sketches that appear on our front page were taken on Aug. 26 during a procession of the strikers which marched from the East and West India Docks, by Mile-End, Hackney, Dalston, Holloway, and King's Cross, to the great railway coal depôts of St. Pancras and Chalk Farm, calling on the "coalies" to join in the strike. It was calculated, by the authors of this demonstration, that stopping the supply of railway coal, as that of coal brought up the Thames was already stopped, would paralyse the steam-engines and the machinery used at the docks. With a similar purpose, they incited the men employed by the great gas companies to strike, so as to prevent work being done at night; but these interruptions did not prove successful, both the coal-yard men and the gas-factory hands returning to their usual work after a few days. The procession carried flags and emblems of queer device—a basket of coal, a loaf of bread, or a cabbage, on the top of a pole, or a doll called "the Poor Docker's Baby"; and a grotesque figure of "Father Neptune," to signify that the cause was connected with shipping.

## MUSIC.

## THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and sixty-sixth meeting of the three Cathedral Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester took place at the first-named city on Sept. 3 and three following days. The origin and the development of these Three-Choir Festivals have been so often narrated that brief reference thereto may now suffice. At first instituted merely for the practice of anthems and service-music, the arrangements were soon expanded into far greater importance, an orchestra and solo singers from London having been associated in the performance of oratorios in the cathedral and of secular music at the public hall. A benevolent object has been from the first a prominent feature of these festivals, the purpose being to render aid to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses. That there is need for such help is proved by the fact that there is a large number of applicants for it; there being eighty-nine benefices within the three dioceses having an income below £100 per annum! The benevolent object of the festival is realised by donations collected at the cathedral doors and subsequent contributions; the proceeds from the sale of tickets being untouched for this purpose, but solely applied to the expenses of the festival—which, indeed, have sometimes exceeded the receipts to so large an extent as to lead to a great increase in the number of the stewards, who are responsible for any deficit. At the celebration just terminated there were upwards of 170 gentlemen acting in this capacity. The arrangements included, as usual, a grand choral service preceding the opening of the festival, with a sermon special to the occasion by the Dean of Gloucester.

In accordance with long-past custom the opening performance in the cathedral consisted of "Elijah," preceded and followed by a short form of prayer; as with the following oratorio performances. The other sacred music of the week, performed in the cathedral, included Dr. Parry's "Judith" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Prodigal Son," Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and part of Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment"; and "The Messiah"—these were morning performances—the evening of the second day having been appropriated to Mr. C. L. Williams's new cantata, "The Last Night at Bethany," and portions of Haydn's "Creation."

Miscellaneous concerts were given in the Shirehall on the first and third evenings of the festival week. The programme of the first concert included a violin concerto by Hans Sitt, to be played (for the first time in England) by Mr. B. Carrodus; and a new cantata (for soprano solo and chorus), a setting, by Miss R. F. Ellicott, of Mrs. Hemans's poem "Elysium."

An efficient orchestra was provided, headed by Mr. J. T. Carrodus as leading violinist; and the three Cathedral Choirs were reinforced by choristers from various provincial sources. The principal solo vocalists announced were Madame Albani, Mrs. Brereton, Misses Anna Williams, H. Wilson, and M. Morgan; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. Brereton. Comments on the chief features of the performances must be made hereafter.

London music still continues to be well sustained by the Promenade Concerts taking place at our two great opera houses, the programmes in each case offering abundant and varied features of interest. Recent performances at Covent-Garden Theatre have included a repetition of the garden scene from Gounod's "Faust," sustained by Mlles. Colombati and Vito, Madame Belle Cole, Signor Parisotti, and Mr. B. Foote, in the music respectively of Margherita, Marta, Siebel, Faust, and Mephistopheles. On the same occasion Madame Roger-Miclos created a highly favourable impression by her artistic performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor; as did Mlle. Berger by her skilful performance on the cornet. The late Hermann Goetz's fine symphony in F, and other more familiar pieces, vocal and instrumental, completed an excellent programme. On Aug. 30 Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance this season, and sang several of his favourite songs with special effect; and on the following night Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony (skilfully conducted by Signor Ardit) was an important feature of the programme, which also included the church scene from Gounod's "Faust"—the music of Margherita and that of Mephistopheles rendered respectively by Miss Nikita and Signor Feli, who also introduced an effective new song, entitled "Samoa," composed by Mr. M. Watson. Madame Antoinette Sterling contributed to the vocal music of the evening, and Mr. Radcliff's brilliant flute-playing and Mlle. Berger's skilful performances on the cornet were among the many attractions of the programme.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the programmes since those last referred to have shown no diminution in variety and attraction. M. Tivadar Nachez, the eminent violinist, has performed with great success; and Señor Aléniz, the accomplished Spanish pianist, has contributed brilliant solos; Mrs. Shaw's clever whistling having again been enthusiastically received. Mr. Howard Reynolds's cornet-playing has been a noticeable feature in the programmes. That of the concert of Aug. 31 also included the names of Mlle. Elly Warnots, Miss Grace Damian, Madame Sinico, Mr. I. McKay, and Mr. A. Oswald as vocalists; and the first performance of "Her Majesty's Lancers," arranged by Mr. E. Solomon, from popular songs.

During the National Eisteddfod recently held at Brecon Madame Patti sang the Welsh national air "Land of my Fathers" and other more familiar pieces. The proceedings included competitions for prizes in musical and poetical composition, and treatises on subjects of national interest.



THE DOCK LABOURERS' GREAT STRIKE IN LONDON.



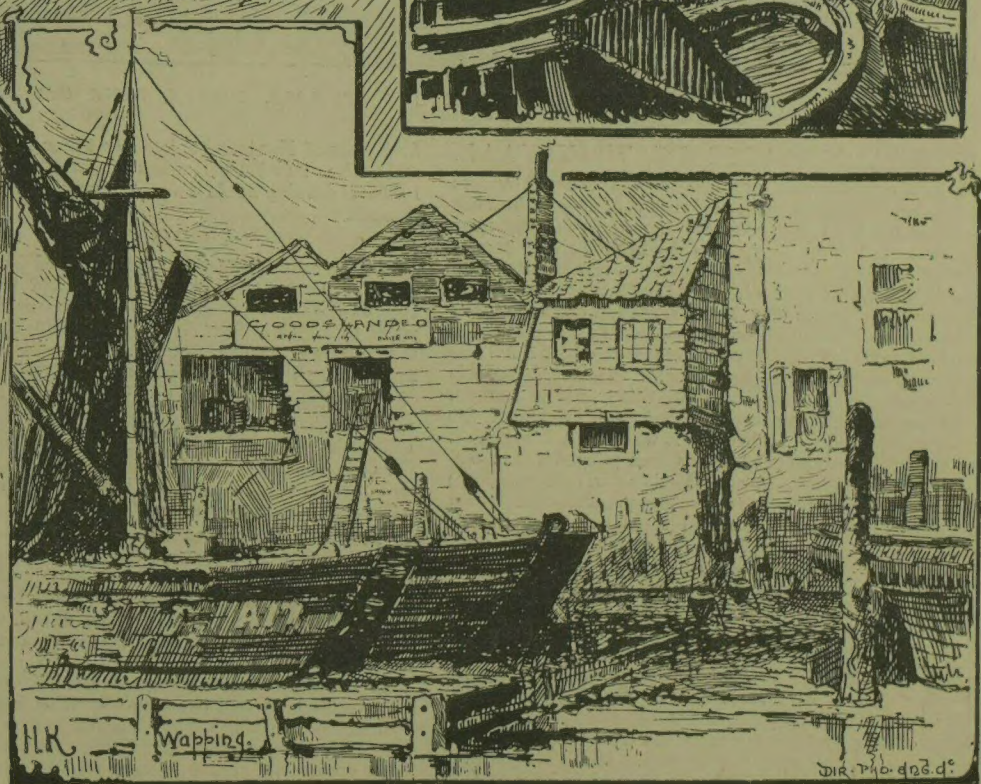
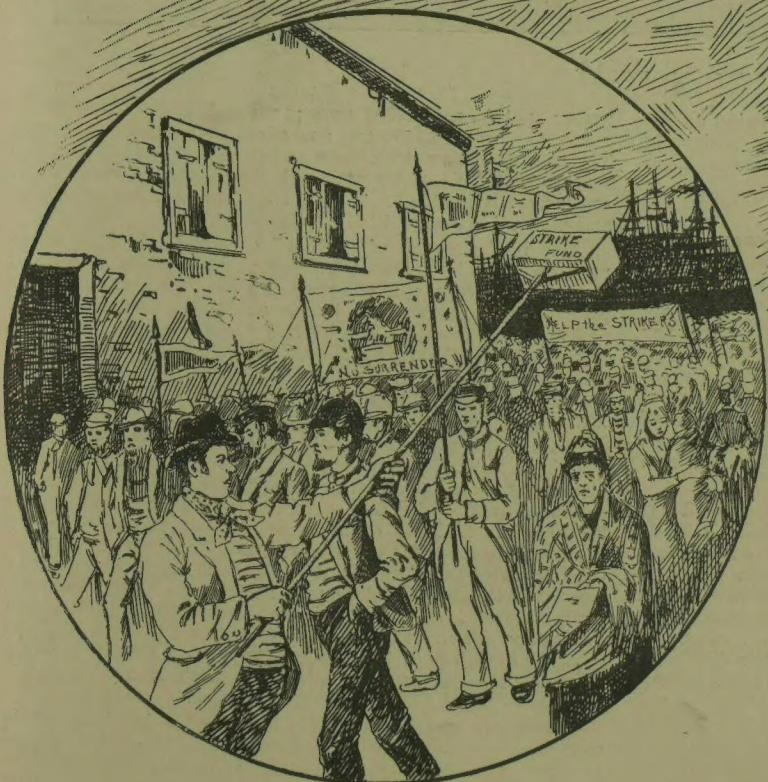
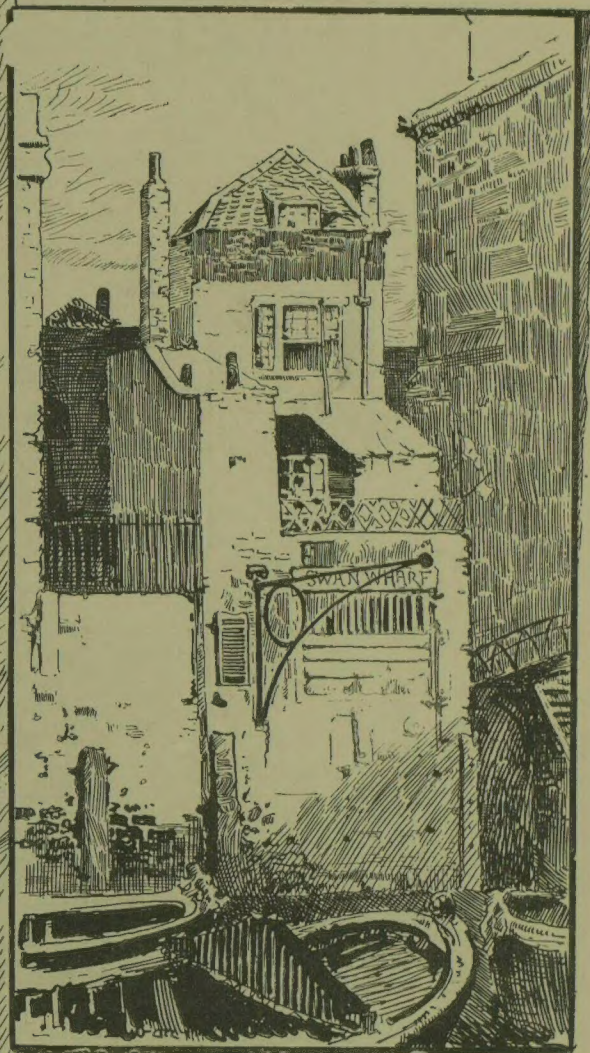
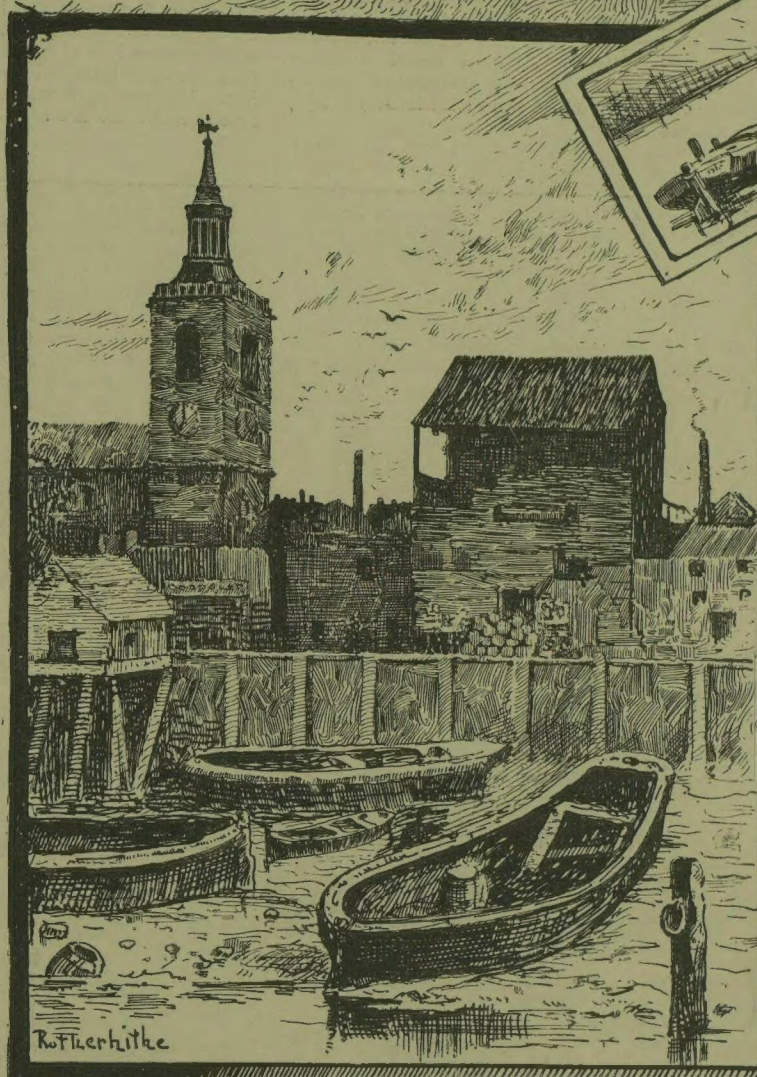
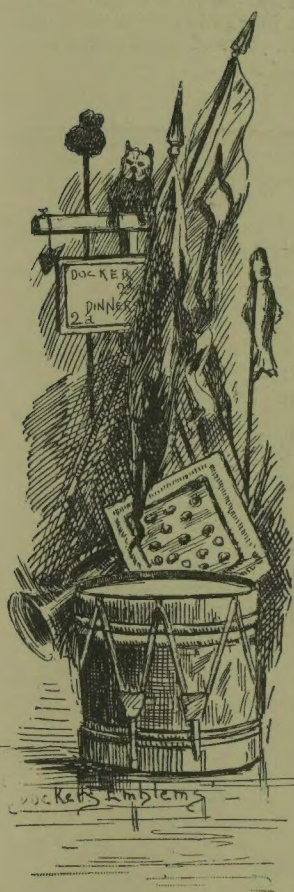
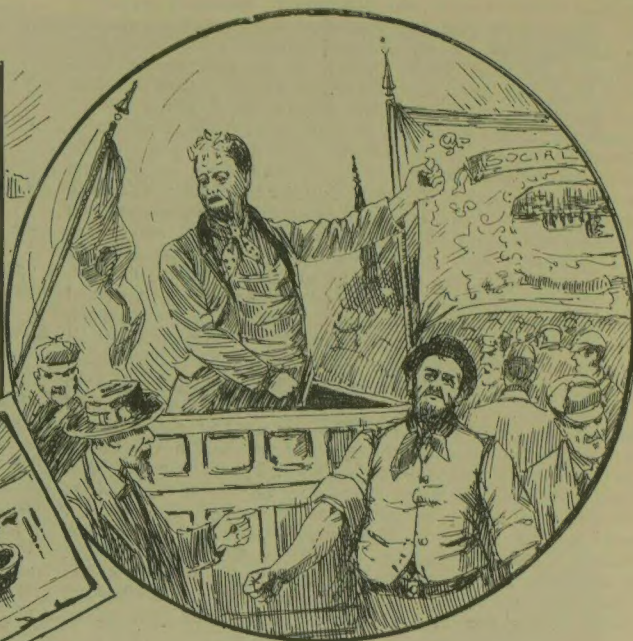
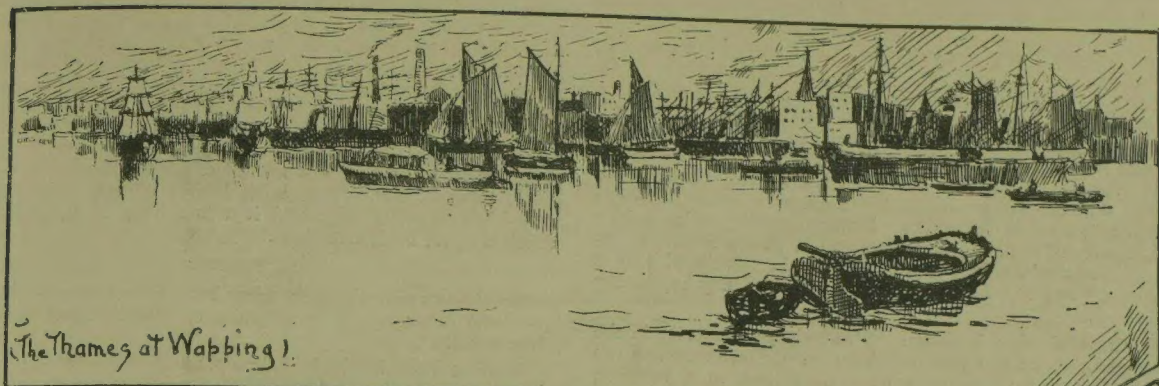
"THOSE WHO AGREE TO THIS RESOLUTION HOLD UP THEIR HANDS"



"ON THE CONTRARY!"



# THE DOCK LABOURERS' GREAT STRIKE IN LONDON.



ASPECT OF RIVERSIDE WHARVES DURING THE STRIKE.



## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Only those who have for many weary months lived in the close, debilitating atmosphere of St. Stephen's can realise the inexpressible relief legislators experience in escaping from town at the end of the Session. At all times impatient of detention in Parliament, the Marquis of Salisbury especially must have welcomed prorogation day, which enabled him to rush off to his favourite seaside residence near Dieppe, the Châlet Cecil, which is in telegraphic communication with London. Mr. W. H. Smith departed before the Prime Minister on a yachting trip in the Pandora off the Scottish coasts, and has been presented with the freedom of Kirkwall. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with Sir Edward Watkin, have left Hawarden Castle on a visit to the Paris Exhibition; Mrs. Gladstone considerably utilising her brief stay in London to encourage by her presence, and subscription, the benevolent committee who are seeking to alleviate the distress in the East-End by distributing food gratuitously to the families of the dockmen out on strike. Apropos of this sad disagreement, it is hoped that the intervention of the Lord Mayor, armed probably with a persuasive message from the Queen, with whom he had the honour of lunching at Balmoral, will terminate the conflict between the directors and the men.

Parliament was prorogued on the Thirtieth of August to the Sixteenth of November; but the tenour of the Queen's Speech (read by the Lord Chancellor as the chief Royal Commissioner) warranted the hope that we shall not be called upon to reassemble at St. Stephen's till February next. Her Majesty's Address declared that our relations with other Powers "continue to be of the most cordial character"; passed on to refer to the repulse of the Dervishes on the southern frontier of Egypt by General Grenfell; and touched briefly on the conclusion of a Convention on the Samoan difficulty in Berlin, also on the settlement of the controversies with France regarding our possessions

on the West Coast of Africa, and on the new Postal and Telegraphic Convention with France and Germany. The offers of military assistance from Indian Princes and Chiefs afforded the Queen much pleasure. Approbation followed at the increase of the Navy, at the passing of the Scottish Local Self-Government Bill, and the various measures for extending Technical Education, and Intermediate Education in Wales, and for developing Irish railways. Not without significance, at the height of the deplorable strike, was the concluding expression of the hope that "the hearty concord of all my subjects" might strengthen the "signs of a growing prosperity."

"In my opinion something ought to be done to give a higher University education to Roman Catholics in Ireland." This significant admission in Mr. Balfour's important speech on Irish education, on the Twenty-eighth of August—followed, as it was, by the Irish Secretary's acknowledgment to Mr. Parnell that the matter must be dealt with by a Bill—has occasioned no small discussion. It was naturally welcomed by the majority of the Irish members, and is proportionately unpalatable to a minority. It will possibly be developed into a "burning question," however undesirable that may be, during the Recess.

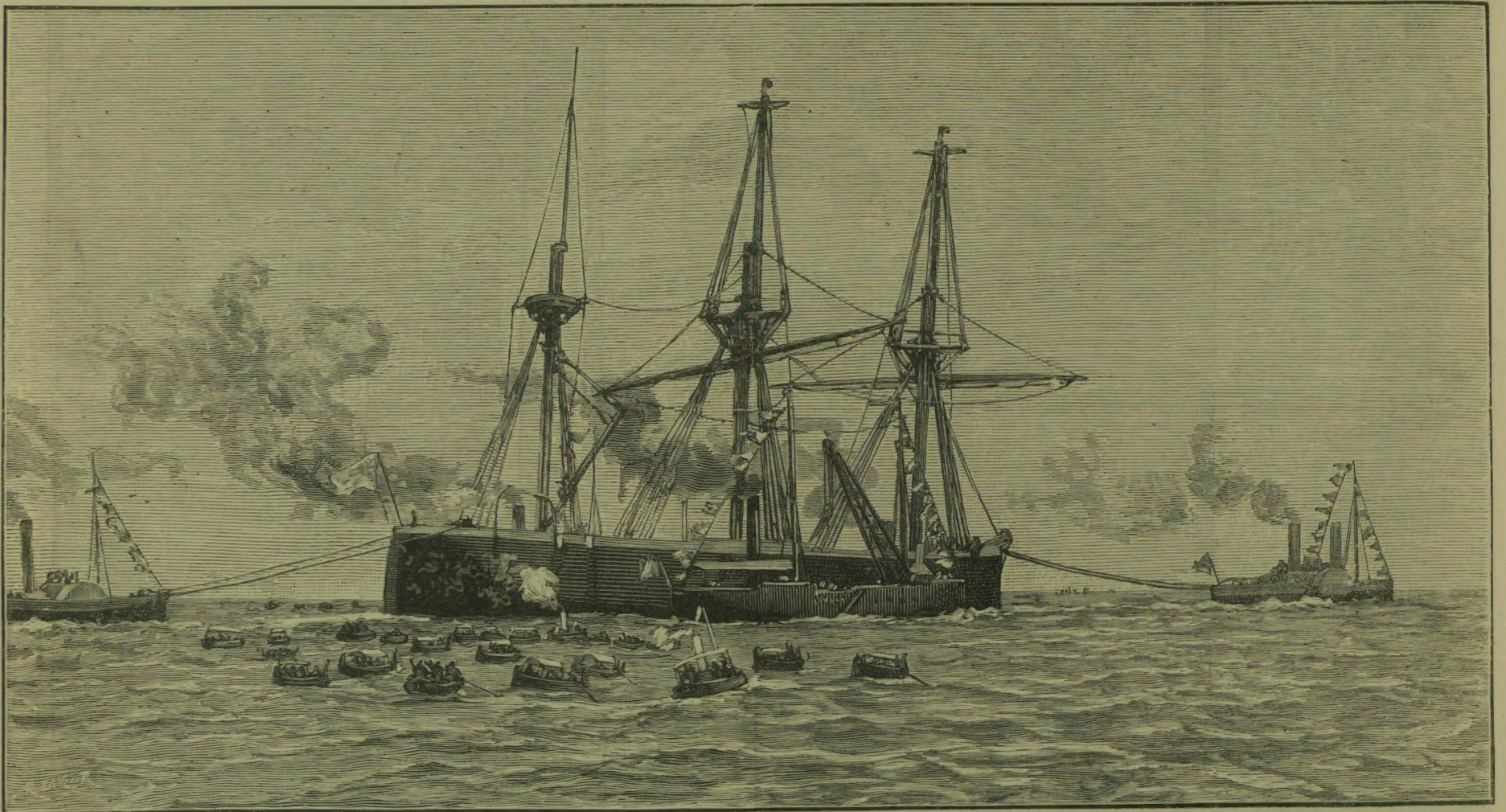
The past Session has seen such serviceable activity in the House of Lords on the part of the Earl of Dunraven and the Earl of Carnarvon that each noble Lord has, in a manner, seemed to say "Barkis is willin'" to any possible invitation to re-enter the Ministry. But whether Lord Salisbury will have recourse to the services of either is a moot matter. In the Commons, the most important fact has been the preservation by the Government of the Unionist majority in all supremely critical divisions—a good round majority, amply sufficient to warrant the Ministry's sanguine expectation that Parliament will run to the end of its tether, or last, at least, till the close of 1892.

## RECOVERY OF H.M.S. SULTAN.

This fine ship, which struck on a rock off the coast of Malta, near the islet of Comino, on March 6, and sank on the 14th, with only her upper works above water, has been recovered by a Genoese salvage company for £50,000, and was safely brought into port at Valletta on Aug. 26. The operations for raising and floating her were ably devised by M. Chausson, a French mechanical engineer. Stopping all the holes with Portland cement, and building up the hatches, with the same material, to the level of the sea, he employed three powerful pumping-steamers to pump out the water, till the ship rose and floated. The Sultan was then lashed alongside of the three steamers, and was towed away to harbour by the dockyard tug Samson, while the smaller tug Prompt acted behind as a rudder. She thus safely reached Valletta, taking nearly nine hours for the distance, which is eighteen miles. The people turned out in great numbers, on the bastions and in boats, to greet her return with hearty cheers. The vessels were decorated with flags, and it was a very lively scene, of which we give an illustration.

Sir Thomas and Lady Boughey have been presented with a handsome clock by their tenantry on the occasion of their silver wedding.

Toynbee Free Students' Library, at 28, Commercial-street, which contains between 4000 and 5000 volumes, selected mainly to meet the requirements of University Extension students, has been thrown open to the public as a free library. One important feature of the institution is that it is open on Sundays, from ten to half-past one, and from half-past two to ten; on Saturdays it is open from half-past one to half-past ten, and on other days from half-past four to half-past ten in the evening. Any person over sixteen years of age of either sex is now free to make use of it.



RECOVERY OF H.M.S. SULTAN, SUNK OFF THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

## THE DE KAAP GOLDFIELDS, TRANSVAAL.

In March last considerable excitement was caused by the Brothers Hughes having discovered a rich vein of gold-bearing rock at Banket Reef, in the precipice facing Barberton, near where the Waterfall Creek drops into the Kaap Valley. It was visited by other parties, who succeeded in tracing the vein along the cliffs right up to the head of the Kantoor Creek. It varies in thickness from four to twenty feet, encased in the solid sandstone, and in some places in slate. In one place was found a second seam, about forty feet below the first. All the "banket" yet tested by pestle and mortar shows gold. It is stated that about forty pieces (each weighing half a pound), and taken from different places, produced gold. Some of the gold resembles alluvial, and pieces of it weighed a few grains. All along the precipice the ground has been pegged for a distance of about five miles. On Barret's Berlyn (private property) the same sort of reef has been struck. The presumption is that this underlies the whole plateau, and some say even that it extends to the Rand. The reef can be very cheaply worked, as there is abundance of wood and water at the foot of the mountain, 300 yards distant. At present no one can form an accurate idea as to the yield of gold per ton; but the opinion prevails that it will give about fifteen to eighteen penny-weights of gold to the ton of ore.

The Transvaal Mining Mail, of Barberton, March 12, gives the particulars of this discovery, and reports a conversation with Mr. M. Whitty, manager of the American "Dry Alluvial Gold-Mining Company," who was in the Transvaal with the machinery invented and patented by him. Mr. Whitty stated that the new encampment at Banket Reef, which he had just visited, consists principally of quiet Dutch people, who seem to have lost their heads on seeing a little gold in the stone. Had he been down to the scene of the first strike? "No, he hadn't been down that precipice, and he wasn't going—he wasn't a baboon, and it wanted the agility of a baboon to get down to it." To reach the spot, you have to be lowered down by ropes about 150 ft. from the summit of the mountain. The natural query then arose how the original prospectors got at it. There is a story that, while they were prospecting around one of the huge kranzes that scar the face of the frowning precipice, a boulder became detached, bringing with it a quantity of rock and soil across the difficult and dangerous pathway they were traversing. From this débris the

first piece of Kantoor banket was taken; and, following up the trail, the Brothers Hughes made the discovery which, if further developments should confirm it, will make them famous.

At the annual meeting of the Tweed Commissioners it was reported that 10,432 salmon grilse and trout had died from fungus disease during the past year, making a total for ten years of 75,065. Sir W. Crossman said the fish weighed 420 tons, and were worth £47,000. The value of the fish taken in nets during the same period was £500,000.

The twenty-five years' unbroken connection of the great pyrotechnic firm of Messrs. Brock and Co. with the Crystal Palace displays was celebrated on Sept. 5 on a scale worthy of the occasion. As regards colossal effects, splendour in tints, and novelties in design, no more brilliant display has been witnessed at home or abroad.

Lady Carrington has laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Naval House, at Sydney, New South Wales, which is being built, at a cost of £7000, by the Church of England Missions to Seamen for the use of the 2500 men-of-war's men employed in the Australian seas. Lord Carrington, the Governor, in his address said: "The interest taken in this institution, the donations of the public, and the liberality of the Government—who have given the site—are recognitions of the discipline and good conduct of the men-of-war's men; while the Calliope has proved to the world that English seamanship has not degenerated since the days when merchantmen had to pilot their own ships, and to fight as well as to sail." South Wales at home is about to emulate this example of New South Wales by building, at a cost of £6000, at Cardiff a Missions to Seamen Church and Institute for the 60,000 merchant seamen annually frequenting that port.

The Registrar-General for Ireland has issued his annual abstract of agricultural statistics for the current year. There is a total net decrease of the extent of land under crops, as compared with last year, of 85,810 acres, the total being 5,054,873 acres. There is an increase of about 15,000 acres in barley and rye, about 3000 in turnips, and about the same increase in carrots, parsnips, and other green crops. Flax shows the slight increase of 200 acres. The principal decreases are: wheat, 8000 acres; oats, 43,000 acres; beans and pease, 1500

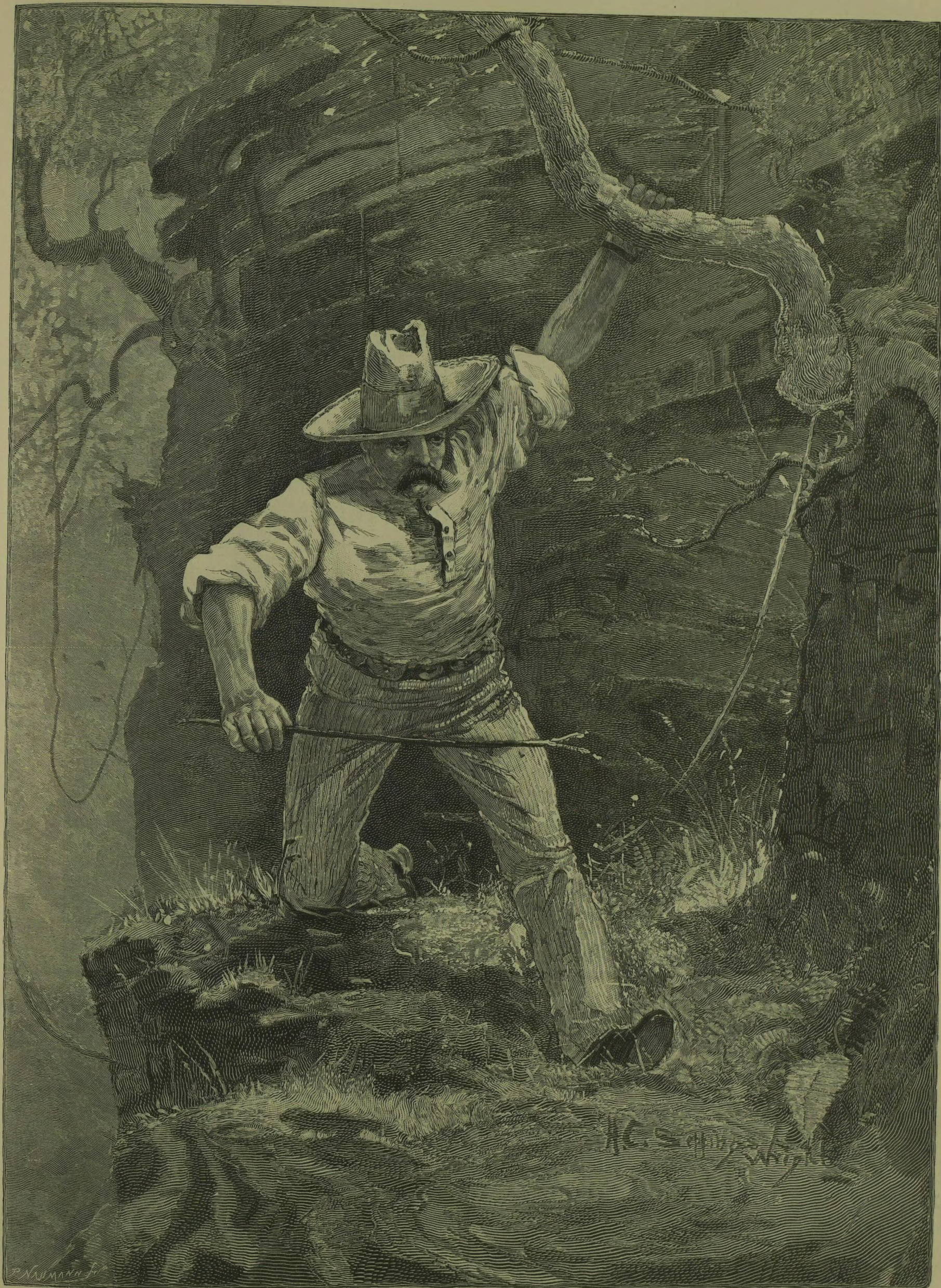
acres; potatoes, 17,000 acres; mangel-wurzel, 1800 acres; vetches and rape, 2000 acres; meadow and clover, 40,000 acres. The returns of live stock show an increase of 9091 horses, and a decrease of 5251 cattle, although the increase in cattle under one year only is 31,545. Sheep show an increase of 162,960, and pigs a decrease of 17,277.

The performances of "Doris" at the Lyric Theatre are now preceded by "Love's Trickery," an operetta written by Mr. C. Bridgman and composed by Mr. Ivan Caryll. The piece is slight in structure, but is neatly written, and serves as the vehicle for some bright and tuneful music. The duet "Wait and See," sung by Misses Augarde and Lund, and the solo "Story and Song," assigned to Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves, are among the effective vocal pieces. The cast also includes Mr. Le Hay and Mr. Hemsley.

Among the more important cricket-matches recently played are the following: At Clifton, the match between Kent and Gloucester terminated in the victory of Kent by nine wickets.—Lancashire defeated Leicestershire, at Manchester, in a single innings, the Midland county scoring only 23 and 31.—The cricket season, so far as concerns first-class county matches, came to an end on Aug. 30, at Beckenham, with the victory of Kent over the Notts team by four wickets.—At Southampton, Surrey scored 453 in one innings, against 166 and 145 achieved by Hampshire in two innings.—The Gentlemen of England obtained a victory at Scarborough over the I Zingari team by five wickets.—Surrey won their match with Hampshire at the Oval on Sept. 3 by an innings and 58 runs.

The Queen and Royal family have had a handsome white marble slab placed over the grave, in Clewer churchyard, of the late Mrs. Hull, formerly nurse to her Majesty. The memorial is adorned with a cross and palm branch, and bears the words, "This stone is placed in affectionate remembrance of past years by Victoria, Albert Edward, Alfred, Helena, Louise, Arthur, and Beatrice." The following lines have been engraved upon the headstone beneath the inscription recording the death of the late Mr. Charles Hull, who was one of the Queen's own messengers: "Also of Mary Ann, his widow, born 5th May, 1811, died 24th September, 1888. She rendered humble, true, and laudable service as nurse in the Household of Queen Victoria from 1841 to 1859, and was honoured with the confidence and affectionate regard of her Majesty and every member of the Royal family unto her life's end."





DISCOVERING BANKET REEF, AT THE KANTOOR, NEAR BARBERTON, DE KAAP GOLDFIELDS.





THE HEART OF THE FOREST.—BY G. MONTBARD.



## PLEASURE.

There is a season of the year, and there are special days in the year, when even the most sober, money-making, unimaginative Englishman, following the example of John Gilpin, is bent on pleasure. In spring, the excuse of urgent private affairs may induce him to escape from his office or chambers in order to breathe the fresh air of Epsom Downs when certain of his countrymen are holding a carnival upon them. At other times business—he does not choose to call it pleasure—will carry him perhaps to Ascot or Newmarket. If, to his great advantage, the racecourse has no charms for him, he will find other and healthier methods of taking his pleasure—a run to Brighton, a day on the river or in Epping Forest, a match at Lord's or at the Oval, an evening at the theatre—these are the relaxations of many a busy Londoner who, to all appearance, seems too preoccupied to be gay. The barrister and the physician have little leisure for such chance pleasures, although even they have been known, in the severest stress of occupation, "to snatch a fearful joy," as it were, by stealth. But when the days are perceptibly shortening, and summer is fading into autumn, the barrister discards his wig and gown, the bishop is not to be found in his diocese, nor the merchant in his office; silence, which the proverb tells us is golden, prevails at St. Stephen's, and the medical man (for one month at least) throws physic to the dogs. Amid the busy whirl of London, which is heard as loudly in August and September as in April, it is difficult to realise the fact that just now London, metaphorically speaking, is empty, and that for several weeks to come the deliberate pursuit of the well-to-do classes will be pleasure-taking. It would be curious if, at a later period of the year, one could go behind the scenes and learn in how many cases the pursuit had been successful. Not unfrequently it happens that Pleasure—a wayward goddess—refuses to delight those who follow her with the greatest ardour. When a man says, "For six weeks or two months I intend to enjoy myself," it does not follow that those weeks will prove the happiest of the year.

The best-laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft agley,

says Burns; and this is never truer than when those schemes are laid for relaxation. We have only to take our seats at a table d'hôte in one of the large hotels in Scotland, or upon the Continent where Englishmen most do congregate, to catch signs of discontent and disappointment among that pleasure-seeking community. Many a man, too, who has taken his family to the seaside, and spent some weeks there loitering and smoking on the shore, has confessed that his trip, so far from being an enjoyment, has been full of worries and discomforts. He has the consolation, however, of his self-denial for the children's sake, who ask for nothing better than to dabble in wet sand, and the compensation of being able to return to business with a fresh zest.

It is only the thoroughly idle pleasure-taker who fails altogether in the pursuit of his object. The young men who loaf about bars and flirt with barmaids, who give their mornings to folly and their evenings to dissipation, may be said, though it will seem paradoxical, to be so immersed in pleasure that they do not know what pleasure means. The young women whose time and thoughts are given to personal appearance and to novels neither know how to charm by dress—for that charm is due to simplicity and the absence of self-consciousness—nor can they enjoy a good story, for that needs a mind that is not already jaded by fiction. "A man of pleasure is a man of pains," says the poet Young, and a far higher authority declares that the woman who liveth to pleasure is dead while she liveth. The moralists have much to say on the subject, but moralists, and the most ignorant folk alike, need some pleasure as they go through life, and the practical question is how it may be best attained.

One thing is obvious, that there cannot be anything like uniformity in pleasure. The kind of activity that gives pleasure must depend upon the character, moral and intellectual, upon taste, upon culture or the lack of it, upon time and circumstance, and the society in which we live. "What so



A ROSE OF PROVENCE.

PICTURE BY P. H. CALDERON, R.A.



pleasant," says old Burton, "as to see two kings fight in single combat?" But people who relish that kind of amusement must exchange it, in the present day, for the vulgarity of the prize-ring; and we may doubt whether the sight of thirteen Frenchmen and thirteen Italians fighting for a whole army would prove, to the modern Englishman as to Pomponius Columna, the pleasantest sight that ever he saw in his life. *Chacun à son goût.* Some men, says Thackeray, love Burgundy, and some a gallop across country; some, we may add, will stand up to their waist in water or wade through morasses upon the chance of shooting a bird; and some, with pleasure as the object, will peril life and endure privations in order to kill wild beasts, in Africa. Men will labour very hard for pleasure's sake, and in many cases weary themselves in vain; but, whether the pleasure be one of a high order or one of a comparatively humble kind, it is generally found by the men who do not go far out of their way to seek it. A pedestrian ramble through the Scottish Highlands may give as much pleasure to the man who knows how to enjoy it as a journey to Switzerland; and, in certain moods of mind, a saunter through Surrey or Sussex may prove more delightful than either. In travel it is remarkable, as Sir Arthur Helps has observed, how much more pleasure we gain from unexpected incidents than from deliberate sight-seeing. One comes to hate the lions the guide-books tell us we must visit, but when, after having done our duty to the things of fame, we take our own pleasure among the things unheeded by guide-writers, the reward is sometimes great indeed.

There are a few truisms about pleasure which, although obvious enough, appear to be frequently forgotten. One is that only those who have earned it by hard work enjoy it thoroughly; another is that we inevitably fail to gain it upon wandering out of the path of duty; and another is that of all pleasures those which Duty bestows upon us are the sweetest and most refined.

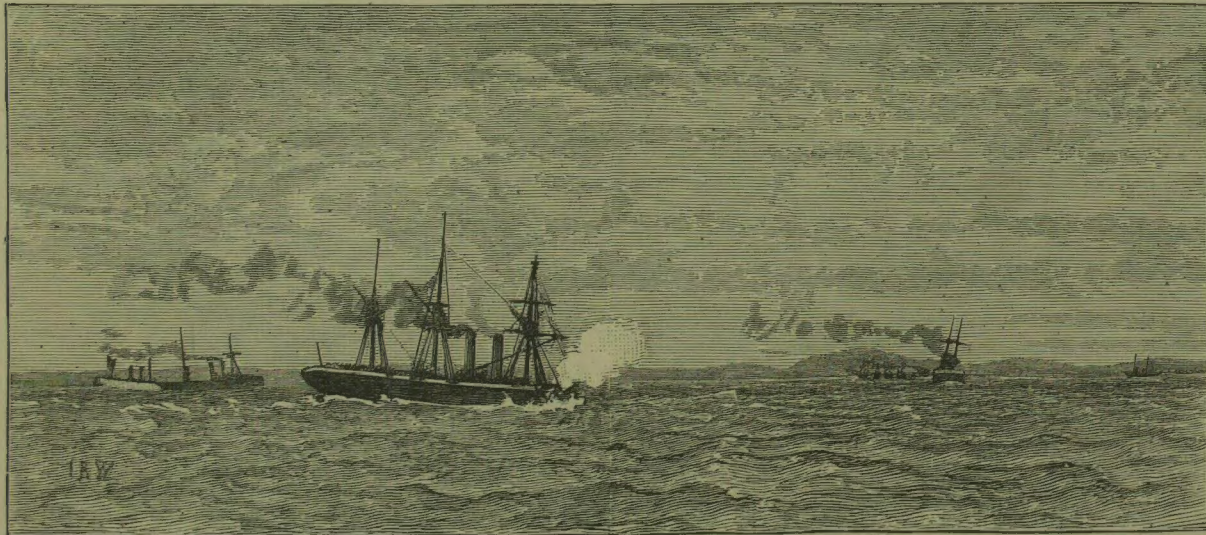
Flowers laugh before her in their beds,  
And fragrance in her footing treads.

J. D.

### THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The hostilities between the fleets of Admiral Baird and Admiral Sir George Tryon—the former, holding possession of Ireland, attacking the coasts, ports, and shipping of Great Britain, which were defended by the latter—terminated at six o'clock in the morning of Thursday, Aug. 29, having begun at that hour on Thursday, the 15th. Our Special Artists, who were Mr. J. R. Wells on board the flag-ship of Sir George Tryon, H.M.S. *Hercules*, and Mr. W. H. Overend on board H.M.S. *Northumberland*, the flag-ship of Admiral Baird, have supplied us with Sketches of the incidents that occurred to the main squadron of each fleet. But the movements of the detached squadron of the Attacking Fleet, under Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine, who went round the west coast of Ireland and the north of Scotland into the German Ocean, can only be described from the published letters and reports. Those movements, after inflicting much feigned damage on the ports of Aberdeen, Leith, Sunderland, Newcastle, and others on the east coast, ended on Wednesday, the 28th, in the capture of this portion of the Attacking Fleet off Flamborough Head. The detached squadron, consisting of the *Anson* and *Collingwood*, reinforced by the *Inflexible*, was met by the *Rodney*, *Howe*, *Ajax*, *Narcissus*, *Undaunted*, and *Medea*, under Admiral Tracey, the British second in command, and after a running fight was practically destroyed.

The main part of Admiral Baird's fleet, after losing three fine ships—the *Camperdown*, the *Hero*, and the *Immortalité*—in the action fought on Saturday, the 17th, in the open sea between the Lizard Point and Cape Ushant, retired into Queenstown Harbour. It was never afterwards permitted to come out and resume its attempt to enter the British Channel, but Admiral Baird's fast cruisers managed to capture many valuable merchant steamers and other vessels. The *Arethusa*, on Aug. 27, after finishing a second cruise off Cape Ushant and effecting a number of captures, encountered four British warships. They at once gave chase. During the pursuit the *Arethusa* fell in with the *Mersey*, another cruiser, and they joined company. The pace was so quick that two of the British vessels were compelled to give up the chase, but the other two, one of which was the *Warspite* and the other the *Galatea*, both first-class cruisers, continued the pursuit, during which two hundred miles were traversed. Towards evening the *Galatea* was drawn away from her consort and came under the guns of the *Arethusa* and *Mersey*. Fire was opened on both sides. After the lapse of two hours from the time the cruisers opened fire the British ship signalled "I claim you," her consort, the *Warspite*, at the time being at least seven miles off and hardly visible owing to the darkness. The War-



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: ADMIRAL SIR G. TRYON CHASING THE ENEMY INTO QUEENSTOWN.

spite was therefore quite unable to support the *Galatea*, and, under the circumstances, the hostile cruisers replied that the latter ought to consider herself captured instead.

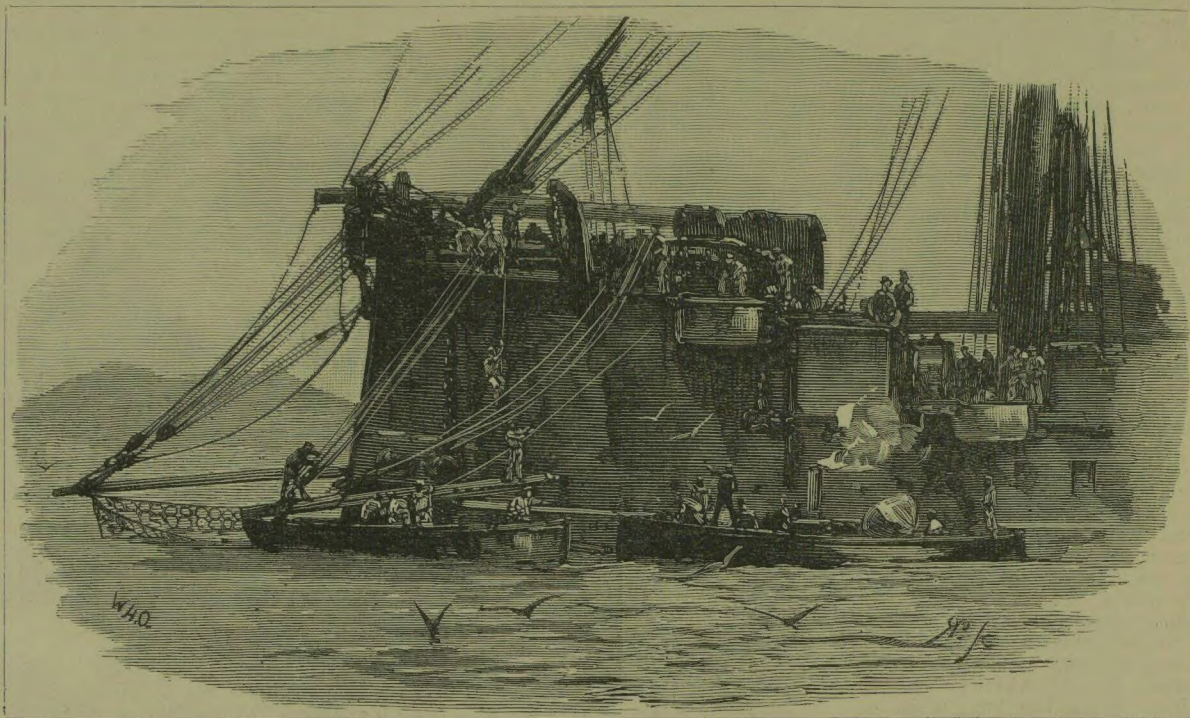
The Manitoba (Dominion of Canada) Government has issued an official bulletin, in which it is stated that the yield of wheat in that province is estimated to average over fourteen bushels per acre. This information is confirmed by reports received at the Dominion Department of Agriculture. The return is below the usual average, and is attributable to the exceptional drought that has been experienced in both the Western States of the Union and in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. It is expected, however, that there will be a large surplus available for export, owing to the increased area under cultivation this year.

### NOVELS.

*Past Forgiveness?* By Lady Margaret Majendie. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—This lady's novels are some of those which never fail to be interesting; and we are pleased to find that she has discarded the supernatural machinery of "second-sight" and visionary revelations in hypnotic trances, which disfigured a marvellous short tale of hers last year. Indeed, we give her credit for having, after wise reflection on the true sources of romantic interest in fiction, designed to prove, by

Madame Zenaide, the prosperous manageress of a great Paris laundry, who generously assists the persecuted young people. All this is true comedy of the richest and rarest quality, true in every phase and feature to French manners, and to the feminine characteristics which are nowhere so keenly perceptible as in France.

*Little Hand and Much Gold.* By "X. L." Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—This very disagreeable novel presents a coarse and glaring surface of veneered vulgarity,



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: H.M.S. MONARCH GETTING OUT HER TORPEDO NETS IN QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR.

this most touching and affecting story, that it is rather from the limitation of human means of knowing what happens to a beloved person in absence, and the possibility of being cut off from intelligence concerning one dearest to the loving heart, that the strongest emotions may be called forth, enduring long enough to modify the whole character. Whether, in such a country as France, twenty or thirty years ago, with the constant and ubiquitous police supervision of all its inhabitants, Virginie de Rohan could have been secretly and unlawfully detained for eighteen months, by Antoine Delmache of Marseilles, a prisoner in his lonely château on the south coast, so as to make her husband and friends believe she was dead, is a merely practical question. The entire series of actions on the part of Delmache, who pursues Etienne de Rohan with cunning malignity to revenge an imaginary grievance of literary plagiarism, seems too melodramatic in the dire intensity of its repeated machinations. Delmache, himself the victim of an insane delusion, first procures the confinement of De Rohan in a lunatic asylum, and subsequently tries to drive his rival actually mad by persuading him that his sweet young wife has perished in the burning of a steam-boat on her voyage to Genoa. Yet the impossibilities of carrying such a plot into execution may be overlooked in consideration of the truth and force with which all the moods of feeling, both in Etienne's mind and in that of Virginie, during their enforced separation, the harrowing fears, the crushing apparent certainty of bereavement, and the dreary suffering of hopeless grief, are vividly expressed. While the captive wife, thinking herself a widow, submits for a year and a half to an iniquitous private imprisonment, from which it could not have been very difficult to escape, the despairing husband, at Venice, resorts to opium for the relief of his agony, till he is aroused by an appeal to religious sentiment, and becomes a priest. Here we cannot but notice another doubtful point of law and practice which Lady Margaret Majendie has perhaps neglected to ascertain. If a married man, believing himself to be a widower, has taken priest's orders in the Roman Catholic Church, would not his ordination be canonically null and void when his wife is

cracked all over, and glazed with malodorous spotty varnish, with a nauseous affectation of knowing smartness, pretending to "X. L." in what the author calls "A Study of To-day." It is inspired by that feeble ambition of cynical satire which might be expected from the title of a preceding tale, "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil"; and the net result, as regards worth or interest of this story, may be expressed by the latter alternative. If the plot and characters had any essential value, which they have not, they would be stifled and stained with contaminating baseness in the heap of fabulous scandals raked together from the stale gossip of twenty-five years ago, concerning the vices of the ephemeral Court of Napoleon III., and the English residents in Paris, including some persons of rank and fashion, with many financial gamblers and dishonest adventurers, who sought to retrieve their fortunes as parasites of the upstart Imperial Throne. To that class, which is happily not of "To-day," belongs Sir William Meredith, a favourite medical practitioner, an artful courtier and flatterer of powerful ladies, a hanger-on of De Morny and his unscrupulous clique, a successful speculator for some time on the Bourse, finally ruined and driven to suicide by his criminal complicity in frauds connected with the Mexican railway bonds. He has an odious wife and a blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter, named Muriel, who is made to marry into the proudest and wealthiest aristocratic family of England, a house taking all its superabundance of titles from the "Idylls of the King." The Duke of Tintagil has such multitudinous antique and even prehistoric claims to the Peerage that, on the death of his eldest son, the Marquis of Camelot, his second son, Lord Arthur Pendragon, then becoming heir to the dukedom, is called the Marquis of Lyonesse; there are Geraints, Uthers, and Lancelots among the family names, and the ducal mansion is "Holy-graile." So Muriel, whose ill-trained girlhood in Paris unhappily made her acquainted with so depraved a villain as Laurence Farquhar, but who, by the special grace of Nature, has grown up a paragon of fearless womanly virtue, attains the position of Duchess of Tintagil; while her foster-sister, Madge Tyrrel, the wild, clever, fascinating child of a groom in the service of a notorious Parisian actress, is wedded to an honest English gentleman, a hero of Inkermann, Major Anstruther, with a cork leg, who at the age of fifty succeeds to a baronetcy and good estate. The villain Farquhar, having made love to both the girls in their teens, but having avoided marrying either when it appeared that they would have no money, afterwards comes to England, seduces Lady Anstruther, and simultaneously cheats Muriel into giving him £20,000 under the pretext of wanting it to help his father; a few minutes later, encountering Sir James Anstruther, the injured husband, who strikes him in the face, this monster of wickedness kills the good gentleman with a blow of his stick. The elopement of Madge with Farquhar being successfully transacted, they vanish out of sight for seventeen years, while Muriel takes care of a little girl left behind by the Anstruthers; and so far runs the first part of the story, "The Sowing of the Seed." In the second part, called "The Reaping of the Harvest," we find her Grace the Duchess of Tintagil, at Holygraile, or at Pendragon House, surrounded by magnificent English society, with the Prince of Wales and Lord Tennyson at her garden parties, and with her noble spouse about to wear the blue ribbon of the Garter. But there is a hidden flaw in the fabric of her matrimonial prosperity; for she has unwisely concealed from her husband the old incident of her own dealings with Farquhar, and a malignant enemy, Mrs. Millwood, governess and family spy, possesses evidence that might, though of date so long before, seriously injure the reputation of her Grace. The outcome of this overstrained complication is meant to be dramatic and pathetic; the fair Duchess expires in the agonies of hydrophobia; Madge Anstruther is a penitent nursing Sister; and Farquhar is drowned. But all this part has an air of unreality, which prevents its redeeming the story from the disgust provoked by the flippant cynicism and slang jocularity of the rest. As a "Study of To-day," or rather of Yesterday, it could not have been from real ladies and gentlemen, in any class of decent society, that the personages of this novel were drawn.

The annual rifle match between teams of twenty men representing the Volunteers of the four western counties took place on Aug. 29 at the Cyst Valley, Topsham, the range of the 1st (Exeter) Devon Rifles. Somerset was first, with 1751 points; Dorset second, with 1737; Cornwall third, with 1703; and Devon fourth, with 1681. At last year's meeting Devon headed the list.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

A new theatrical season has started with a genuine success. "The Middleman," a new, original, and vigorous work, in which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in thoughtful language, terse dialogue, and well-turned epigram, has thrust himself boldly into the arena full of the conflict of labour and capital, is no catchpenny venture. He has not written a play in order to air his views on Socialism, the labour question, or the new Radicalism. He has steered a safe middle course between the old school and the new, the time-worn upholders of conventionality and the modern faddists. He has argued, and argued well, on both sides of the question, as all dramatists, if they wish to interest a mixed audience, are bound to do. Mr. Jones may be a very sincere Radical, and, for aught we know, a Socialist of a pronounced "Morris pattern"; he may have strong views on the labour question, and may consider that the workman's muscle is equivalent to the master's money-bags; but he is first of all a dramatist, and has happily thought it well to influence us by force of contrast and swift delineation of character rather than by startling us with brilliant eccentricity or by daring paradox. His men, be they workmen or masters, brain-workers or employers of labour, representatives of genius or of mere worldliness, are flesh-and-blood men, men we know, the men that are, not the men that may be. Cyrus Blenkarn, the artist and potter, lives to-day down in Staffordshire or up here

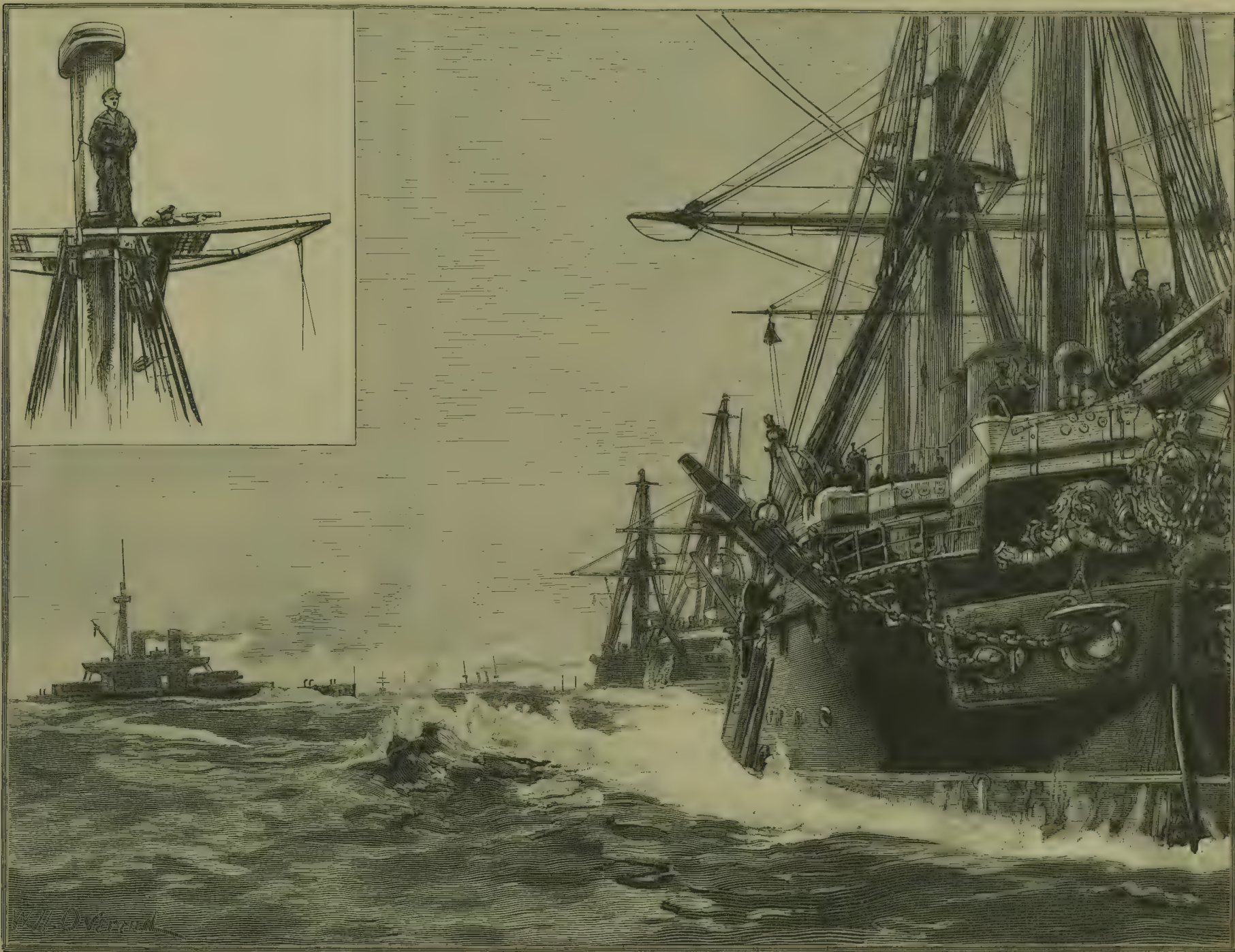
in Lambeth; he is with us at this hour, with his unstifled ambition, his English enthusiasm, his masterful determination, and his human heart. Joseph Chandler, the typical Pharisee, the worldly-minded capitalist, the unsentimental, close-fisted employer of labour, may be found in a thousand factories that emit their pestilential smoke from a thousand chimneys, and turn our green garden of England into a dark and unlovely cinder-heap. Batty Todd, the sycophant and time-server, who blows hot and cold with the craft of the fox and the wisdom of the serpent, is ever at the elbow of the master, and the thorn in the sweating side of the man. Captain Julian Chandler, with his developed sensuality and his buried sense of honour, the son of the Philistine who fears to proclaim the submission of the publican and sinner, may be met with in Manchester clubs and in provincial barracks, and the women who pass before us as we watch this impressive and human story, the Martha and the Mary, the woman of the hearth and the woman of the heart, the girl who in her blind and beautiful confidence gives herself body and soul to the man she has chosen for her master, the sister who strives for the mere mastery over the good fellow who blindly adores her, the old father's darling who is charged with affection, the bagman's bride who is instinct with mutiny—these women of this modern story please us because we know them, because they are natural, because they are true, because they are in all our households, and they are as familiar to the rich men and women in the stalls and boxes as they are to the shopkeepers

and artisans in gallery or pit. Let the author have the credit of all these things, for they are emphatically his due.

Mr. Willard's masterly performance of the enthusiastic art workman may provoke controversy on minor points. It may have at the outset overcoloured the senility of the dreamer-genius, and made it in too violent contrast to the man of muscle, nerve, and energy, who was awakened to life by the shock that either kills or cures a man. Miss Maude Millett may not yet understand the hidden tragedy, the buried agony, or the tears of blood that are contained in such a life as that of Mary—she should have been Magdalen—and how should she, with her sunny face and her delightful innocence? Who would wish her innocent girlishness to be exchanged for the "fire of tears" that have not scarred her unlined cheeks? Who would desire for her the world-experience that would give colour to her art? Mr. Henry Esmond may consider that passion is expressed by attitude and feeling by gesticulation: he should have seen Frederick Younge play the hero in "Caste" years ago; and he should study the lovesick soldiers of Robertson if he would further interest us in Captain Chandler. In fact, there may be minor faults or blemishes here and there, but the material is, in this instance, at the artist's hand.

But if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones desires to know why the audience were cold to him when they witnessed "Wealth," and why they warmed to him when they welcomed "The Middleman"; why they made him miserable in the one case and jubilant in the other; why they disputed his psychology and accepted

MAST-HEAD LOOK-OUT COUNTING ENEMY'S SHIPS.



DEVASTATION.

MONARCH. IRON DUKE.

NORTHUMBERLAND (FLAG-SHIP).

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: ADMIRAL BAIRD'S FLEET RETURNING TO QUEENSTOWN.

his human nature, I should say it was because his story, sad as it must be, bitter as it must be, cynical as it often is, downright determined and uncomplimentary as it will be found by some, has still, as it should have, the bright colour of sympathy and the lustrous gilding of pity. It is false to say that those who protest against the jaundiced Agnosticism of modern art and the bilious theories of the playwriting pessimist are thick-and-thin adherents of mawkish sentimentality or goody-goody optimism. They are nothing of the kind. But they desire that those who amuse us should paint life, if not better than it is, at least not worse. We would rather pity than hate, we would rather sigh than execrate. In the worst characters drawn by Mr. Jones in this play there are some elements for compassion. We can dismiss the broken-down, bruised, and arrogant old Philistine Chandler without a kick, and we have no mind to spit at or spurn the selfish egotists who would have fattened on the body and brains of our noble hero. Cyrus Blenkarn can forgive them, and so can we. We are all happier to have done so. The cheers that rained down on the head of the clever author had their mainspring in this fact—that he had a difficult case to state, but he never over stated it.

Mr. Willard has waited for his opportunity, and it has come, as in fact it was bound to come. He never posed as a disappointed artist or went round the world wailing about what he would do if ever he got the chance. He has had many chances, and, so far as I can see, he has always availed himself of them; for, whatever he has done since, years ago, I saw him for the first time at Scarborough play King William in "Clancarty," he has done ably, thoroughly, and like an artist. To say that to-day Mr. Willard is more of an artist because he has carried a strong play on his shoulders to success, is absurd. He was just as much an artist when he played Mark Lazzard in

"Hoodman Blind"; just as much an artist when he appeared as the dissolute tempter in "Junius"; just as much an artist when he created the fashionable scoundrel in the "Silver King." His artistic opportunity he has ever had; his popular opportunity has come in a character of grander outline and comprehensiveness than those that have preceded it. Already I see a comparison instituted between Mr. Willard's success in "The Middleman" and Mr. Irving's success in "The Bells." Well, they are alike so far that public faith in Mr. Willard has been strengthened, as faith in Mr. Irving was strengthened, when he felt his wings and began to fly. But it is a fallacy to suppose that the artistic impulse of one or the other actor dates from the popular opportunity. Long before "The Bells" Mr. Irving had created Rawdon Scudamore, and Bob Gassitt, and Mr. Chevenix, and Digby Grant, and who shall say how many more vivid sketches of human character. He had his great opportunity with "The Bells"—that was all. Similarly, Mr. Willard has for years been patiently toiling at good work, modestly practising himself at his art, never giving himself airs, patiently biding his time, and now his opportunity has come. Mr. Jones would be, I doubt not, the first to own what the success of "The Middleman" owes to Mr. Willard. For he is the pivot of the play, not its guy-rope. He is its centre-board, not its flag or pennon. Such a play, just as it stands—idea, construction, dialogue, thought, epigram, purpose, and all—might have failed utterly if the actor had not been there to be its bulwark. Whether Mr. Willard, as the dreamy genius, as the woe-begone workman, as the crack-brained inventor, might, or might not, have been less imbecile, less in his second childhood, is, after all, a very minor matter. I am told on good authority that Mr. Willard originally differed from the author on this point of the opening scenes, and yielded

to the author's argument. Since then, with the author's consent, he has reverted to his original idea, indorsed, as it was, by the hurried criticism of a first-night performance. But when the crucial text came the artist was there to do it justice. The awakened man in Mr. Willard, when he learns that his beloved child is ruined, and that the men in whom he had blind faith have wrought this ruin, is superb. He rises at once to the keynote of the human tragedy. No ranting, no froth, no empty frenzy mar the effect of the terrific indictment. The curse of the heart-broken man is effective in its superb dignity of utterance. He speaks like an inspired prophet, not as a shrieking madman. With such a voice, with such restraint, with such a studied method of elocution, what power an actor has over his audience! He does not startle, he persuades them. The cry to Heaven for vengeance, not on injury so much as on injustice, comes not as the shrill shriek of the wind-storm, but as the dull and awful blow of the thunder-cloud. We recall the curse of the Holy Clement in "Claudian." How powerless in effect compared with this cry of the crushed man for strength to combat his enemies! This one effect made, the battle is won. Fate, we know, is on the side of the injured one. His resolution is rewarded with the prize of genius; his nervous excitement is exchanged for the glow of victory. One moment of exaltation, and the successful inventor is changed into the proud dogged man of the world, whose eyes only light with love again when his lost lamb is restored to his hungry arms, and the end of love crowns the life of work. Essays enough could be written on the effect of this performance on the plastic and appreciative mind. Suffice it to say that "The Middleman" is a play well worth seeing, and Mr. Willard's performance one well worth remembering.

C. S.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANCE.



NUMBER FIVE was near the centre of the row of little suburban houses, called Redburn Road. When the cab drew up at the door Mr. Vimpany himself was visible, looking out of the window on the ground floor—and yawning as he looked. Iris beckoned to him impatiently. “Anything wrong?” he asked, as he approached the door of the cab. She drew back, and silently

showed him what was wrong. The doctor received the shock with composure. When he happened to be sober and sad, looking for patients and failing to find them, Mr.

Vimpany’s capacity for feeling sympathy began and ended with himself.

“This is a new scrape, even for Lord Harry,” he remarked. “Let’s get him into the house.”

The insensible man was carried into the nearest room on the ground floor. Pale and trembling, Iris related what had happened, and asked if there was no hope of saving him.

“Patience!” Mr. Vimpany answered; “I’ll tell you directly.”

He removed the bandages, and examined the wound. “There’s been a deal of blood lost,” he said; “I’ll try and pull him through. While I am about it, Miss, go upstairs, if you please, and find your way to the drawing-room.” Iris hesitated. The doctor opened a neat mahogany box. “The tools of my trade,” he continued; “I’m going to sew up his lordship’s throat.” Shuddering as she heard those words, Iris hurried out of the room. Fanny followed her mistress up the stairs. In her own very different way, the maid was as impenetrably composed as Mr. Vimpany himself. “There was a second letter found in the gentleman’s pocket, Miss,” she said. “Will you excuse my reminding you that you have not read it yet?”

Iris read the lines that follow:

“Forgive me, my dear, for the last time. My letter is to say that I shall trouble you no more in this world—and, as for the other world, who knows? I brought some money back with me, from the gold-fields. It was not enough to be called a fortune—I mean the sort of fortune which might persuade your father to let you marry me. Well! here in England, I had an opportunity of making ten times more of it on the turf; and, let me add, with private information of the horses which I might certainly count on to win. I don’t stop to ask by what cruel roguery I was tempted to my ruin. My money is lost; and, with it, my last hope of a happy and harmless life with you comes to an end. I die, Iris dear, with the death of that hope. Something in me seems to shrink from suicide in the ugly gloom of great overgrown London. I prefer to make away with myself among the fields, where the green will remind me of dear old Ireland. When you think of me sometimes, say to yourself the poor wretch loved me—and perhaps the earth will lie lighter on Harry for those kind words, and the flowers (if you favour me by planting a few) may grow prettier on my grave.”

There it ended.

The heart of Iris sank as she read that melancholy farewell, expressed in language at once wild and childish. If he survived his desperate attempt at self-destruction, to what end would it lead? In silence, the woman who loved him put his letter back in her bosom. Watching her attentively—affected, it was impossible to say how, by that mute distress—Fanny Mere proposed to go downstairs, and ask once more what hope there might be for the wounded man. Iris knew

the doctor too well to let the maid leave her on a useless errand.

“Some men might be kindly ready to relieve my suspense,” she said; “the man downstairs is not one of them. I must wait till he comes to me, or sends for me. But there is something I wish to say to you, while we are alone. You have been but a short time in my service, Fanny. Is it too soon to ask if you feel some interest in me?”

“If I can comfort you or help you, Miss, be pleased to tell me how.” She made that reply respectfully, in her usual quiet manner; her pale cheeks showing no change of colour, her faint blue eyes resting steadily on her mistress’s face. It’s went on:

“If I ask you to keep what has happened, on this dreadful day, a secret from everybody, may I trust you—little as you know of me—as I might have trusted Rhoda Bennet?”

“I promise it, Miss.” In saying those few words, the undemonstrative woman seemed to think that she had said enough.

Iris had no alternative but to ask another favour.

“And whatever curiosity you may feel, will you be content to do me a kindness—without wanting an explanation?”

“It is my duty to respect my mistress’s secrets; I will do my duty.” No sentiment, no offer of respectful sympathy; a positive declaration of fidelity, left impenetrably to speak for itself. Was the girl’s heart hardened by the disaster which had darkened her life? Or was she the submissive victim of that inbred reserve, which shrinks from the frank expression of feeling, and lives and dies self-imprisoned in its own secrecy? A third explanation, founded probably on a steadier basis, was suggested by Miss Henley’s remembrance of their first interview. Fanny’s nature had revealed a sensitive side, when she was first encouraged to hope for a refuge from ruin followed perhaps by starvation and death. Judging so far from experience, a sound conclusion seemed to follow. When circumstances strongly excited the girl, there was a dormant vitality in her that revived. At other times, when events failed to agitate her by a direct appeal to personal interests, her constitutional reserve held the rule. She could be impenetrably honest, steadily industrious, truly grateful—but the intuitive expression of feeling, on ordinary occasions, was beyond her reach.

After an interval of nearly half an hour, Mr. Vimpany made his appearance. Pausing in the doorway, he consulted his watch, and entered on a calculation which presented him favourably from a professional point of view.

“Allow for time lost in reviving my lord when he fainted, and stringing him up with a drop of brandy, and washing my hands (look how clean they are!), I hav’n’t been more than twenty minutes in mending his throat. Not bad surgery, Miss Henley.”

“Is his life safe, Mr. Vimpany?”



There he lay on a shabby little sofa, in an ugly little room; his eyes closed; one helpless hand hanging down; a stillness on his ghastly face horribly suggestive of the stillness of death.



"Thanks to his luck—yes."

"His luck?"

"To be sure! In the first place, he owes his life to your finding him when you did; a little later, and it would have been all over with Lord Harry. Second piece of luck: catching the doctor at home, just when he was most wanted. Third piece of luck: our friend didn't know how to cut his own throat properly. You needn't look black at me, Miss; I'm not joking. A suicide with a razor in his hand has generally one chance in his favour—he is ignorant of anatomy. That is my lord's case. He has only cut through the upper fleshy part of his throat, and has missed the larger blood-vessels. Take my word for it, he will do well enough now; thanks to you, thanks to me, and thanks to his own ignorance. What do you say to that way of putting it? Ha! my brains are in good working order to-day; I haven't been drinking any of Mr. Mountjoy's claret—do you take the joke, Miss Henley?"

Chuckling over the recollection of his own drunken audacity, he happened to notice Fanny Mere.

"Hullo! is this another injured person in want of me? You're as white as a sheet, Miss. If you're going to faint, do me a favour—wait till I can get the brandy-bottle. Oh! it's natural to you, is it? I see. A thick skin and a slow circulation; you will live to be an old woman. A friend of yours, Miss Henley?"

Fanny answered composedly for herself: "I am Miss Henley's maid, sir."

"What's become of the other one?" Mr. Vimpany asked. "Aye? aye? Staying at a farmhouse for the benefit of her health, is she? If I had been allowed time enough, I would have made a cure of Rhoda Bennet. There isn't a medical man in England who knows more than I do of the nervous maladies of women—and what is my reward? Is my waiting-room crammed with rich people coming to consult me? Do I live in a fashionable Square? Have I even been made a Baronet? Damn it—I beg your pardon, Miss Henley—but it is irritating, to a man of my capacity, to be completely neglected. For the last three days not a creature has darkened the doors of this house. Could I say a word to you?"

He led Iris mysteriously into a corner of the room. "About our friend downstairs?" he began.

"When may we hope that he will be well again, Mr. Vimpany?"

"Maybe in three weeks. In a month at most. I have nobody here but a stupid servant-girl. We ought to have a competent nurse. I can get a thoroughly trained person from the hospital; but there's a little difficulty. I am an outspoken man. When I am poor, I own I am poor. My lord must be well fed; the nurse must be well fed. Would you mind advancing a small loan, to provide beforehand for the payment of expenses?"

Iris handed her purse to him, sick of the sight of Mr. Vimpany. "Is that all?" she asked, making for the door.

"Much obliged. That's all."

As they approached the room on the ground floor, Iris stopped: her eyes rested on the doctor. Even to that coarse creature, the eloquent look spoke for her. Fanny noticed it, and suddenly turned her head aside. Over the maid's white face there passed darkly an expression of unutterable contempt. Her mistress's weakness had revealed itself—weakness for one of the betrayers of women; weakness for a man! In the meantime, Mr. Vimpany (having got the money) was ready to humour the enviable young lady with a well-filled purse.

"Do you want to see my lord before you go?" he asked, amused at the idea. "Mind! you mustn't disturb him! No talking, and no crying. Ready? Now look at him."

There he lay on a shabby little sofa, in an ugly little room; his eyes closed; one helpless hand hanging down; a stillness on his ghastly face horribly suggestive of the stillness of death—there he lay, the reckless victim of his love for the woman who had desperately renounced him again and again, who had now saved him for the third time. Ah, how her treacherous heart pleaded for him! Can you drive him away from you after this? You, who love him, what does your cold-blooded prudence say, when you look at him now?

She felt herself drawn, roughly and suddenly, back into the passage. The door was closed; the doctor was whispering to her. "Hold up, Miss! I expected better things of you. Come! come!—no fainting. You'll find him a different man to-morrow. Pay us a visit, and judge for yourself."

After what she had suffered, Iris hungered for sympathy. "Isn't it pitiable?" she said to her maid as they left the house.

"I don't know, Miss."

"You don't know? Good heavens, are you made of stone? Have you no such thing as a heart in you?"

"Not for the men," Fanny answered. "I keep my pity for the women."

Iris knew what bitter remembrances made their confession in those words. How she missed Rhoda Bennet at that moment!

## CHAPTER XIX.

M.R. HENLEY AT HOME.

For a month, Mountjoy remained in his cottage on the shores of the Solway Firth, superintending the repairs.

His correspondence with Iris was regularly continued; and, for the first time in his experience of her, was a cause of disappointment to him.

Her replies revealed an incomprehensible change in her manner of writing, which became more and more marked in each succeeding instance. Notice it as he might in his own letters, no explanation followed on the part of his correspondent. She, who had so frankly confided her joys

was not at home, and that it was impossible to say with certainty when she might return. While he was addressing his inquiries to the servant, Mr. Henley opened the library-door. "Is that you, Mountjoy?" he asked. "Come in; I want to speak to you."

Short and thick-set, with a thin-lipped mouth, a coarsely florid complexion, and furtive greenish eyes; hard in his manner and harsh in his voice, Mr. Henley was one of the few heartless men who are innocent of deception on the surface: he was externally a person who inspired, at first sight, feelings of doubt and dislike. His manner failed to show even a pretence of being glad to see Hugh. What he had to say, he said walking up and down the room, and scratching his bristly iron-grey hair from time to time. These signs of restlessness indicated, to those who knew him well, that he had a selfish use to make of a fellow-creature, and failed to see immediately how to reach the end in view.

"I say, Mountjoy," he began, "have you any idea of what my daughter is about?"

"I don't even understand what you mean," Hugh replied. "For the last month I have been in Scotland."

"You and she write to each other, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Hasn't she told you?"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. Henley; she has told me nothing."

Mr. Henley stared absently at the superbly bound books on his library-shelves (never degraded by the familiar act of reading), and scratched his head more restlessly than ever.

"Look here, young man. When you were staying with me in the country, I rather hoped it might end in a marriage—engagement. You and Iris disappointed me—not for the first time. But women do change their minds. Suppose she had changed her mind, after having twice refused you? Suppose she had given you an opportunity?"

Hugh interrupted him again. "It's needless to suppose anything of the sort, sir; she would not have given me an opportunity."

"Don't fence with me, Mountjoy! I'll put it in a milder way, if you prefer being humbugged. Do you feel any interest in that perverse girl of mine?"

Hugh answered readily and warmly: "The truest interest!"

Even Mr. Henley was human; his ugly face looked uglier still. It assumed the self-satisfied expression of a man who had carried his point.

"Now I can go on, my friend, with what I had to say to you. I have been abroad on business, and only came back the other day. The moment I saw Iris I noticed something wrong about her. If I had been a stranger, I should have said: That young woman is not easy in her mind. Perfectly useless to speak to her about it. Quite happy and quite well—there was her own account of herself. I tried her maid next—a white-livered sulky creature, one of the steadiest liars I have ever met with. 'I know of nothing amiss with my mistress, sir.' There was the maid's way of keeping the secret, whatever it may be! I don't know whether you may have noticed it, in the course of your acquaintance with me—I hate to be beaten!"

"No, Mr. Henley, I have not noticed it."

"Then you are informed of it now. Have you seen my housekeeper?"

"Once or twice, sir."

"Come! you're improving; we shall make something of you in course of time. Well, the housekeeper was the next person I spoke to about my daughter. Had she seen anything strange in Miss Iris, while I was away from home? There's a dash of malice in my housekeeper's composition; I don't object to a dash of malice. When the old woman is pleased, she shows her yellow fangs. She had something to tell me: 'The servants have been talking, sir, about Miss Iris.' 'Out with it, ma'am! what do they say?' 'They notice, sir, that their young lady has taken to going out in the forenoon, regularly every day; always by herself, and always in the same direction. I don't encourage the servants, Mr. Henley; there was something insolent in the tone of suspicion that they adopted. I told them that Miss Iris was merely taking her walk. They reminded me that it must be a cruelly long walk; Miss Iris being away regularly for four or five hours together, before she came back to the house. After that' (says the housekeeper) 'I thought it best to drop the subject.' What do you think of it yourself, Mountjoy? Do you call my daughter's conduct suspicious?"

"I see nothing suspicious, Mr. Henley. When Iris goes out, she visits a friend."

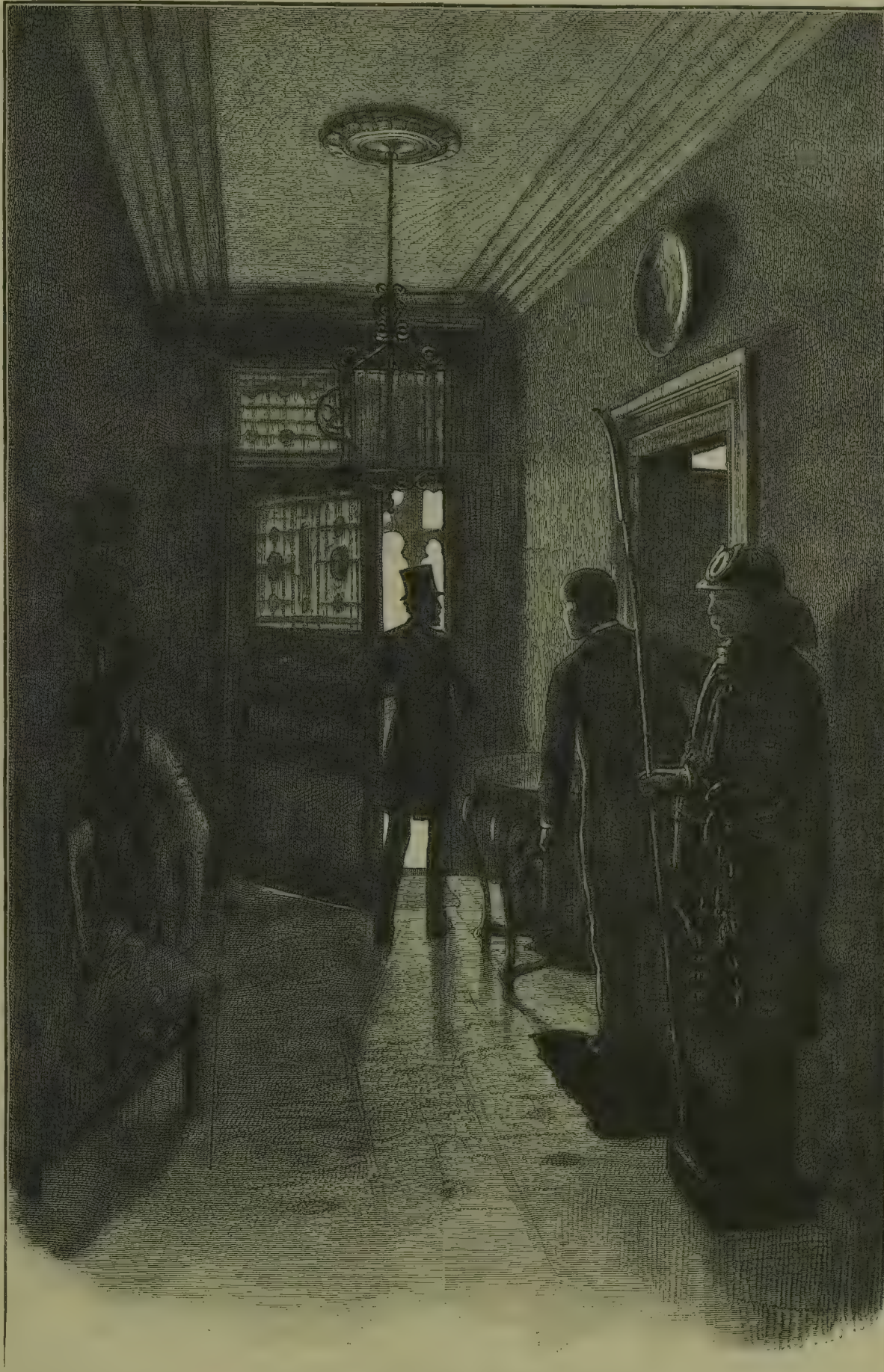
"And always goes in the same direction, and always visits the same friend," Mr. Henley added. "I felt a curiosity to know who that friend might be; and I made the discovery yesterday. When you were staying in my house in the country, do you remember the man who waited on you?"

"Does that mean No?" Mr. Henley called after him.

and sorrows to him in past days, now wrote with a reserve which seemed only to permit the most vague and guarded allusion to herself. The changes in the weather; the alternation of public news that was dull, and public news that was interesting; the absence of her father abroad; occasioned by doubt of the soundness of his investments in foreign securities; vague questions relating to Hugh's new place of abode, which could only have proceeded from a preoccupied mind—these were the topics on which Iris dwelt, in writing to her faithful old friend. It was hardly possible to doubt that something must have happened, which she had reasons—serious reasons, as it seemed only too natural to infer—for keeping concealed from Mountjoy. Try as he might to disguise it from himself, he now knew how dear, how hopelessly dear, she was to him by the anxiety that he suffered, and by the jealous sense of injury which defied his self-command. His immediate superintendence of the workmen at the cottage was no longer necessary. Leaving there a representative whom he could trust, he resolved to answer his last letter, received from Iris, in person.

The next day he was in London.

Calling at the house, he was informed that Miss Henley





Mountjoy began to feel alarmed for Iris; he answered as briefly as possible.

"Your valet," he said.

"That's it! Well, I took my valet into my confidence—not for the first time, I can tell you: an invaluable fellow. When Iris went out yesterday, he tracked her to a wretched little suburban place near Hampstead Heath, called Redburn Road. She rang the bell at number five, and was at once let in—evidently well known there. My clever man made inquiries in the neighbourhood. The house belongs to a doctor, who has lately taken it. Name of Vimpany."

Mountjoy was not only startled, but showed it plainly. Mr. Henley, still pacing backwards and forwards, happened by good fortune to have his back turned towards his visitor, at that moment.

"Now I ask you, as a man of the world," Mr. Henley resumed, "what does this mean? If you're too cautious to speak out—and I must say it looks like it—shall I set you the example?"

"Just as you please, sir."

"Very well, then; I'll tell you what I suspect. When Iris is at home, and when there's something amiss in my family, I believe that scoundrel Lord Harry to be at the bottom of it. There's my experience, and there's my explanation. I was on the point of ordering my carriage, to go to the doctor myself, and insist on knowing what the attraction is that takes my daughter to his house, when I heard your voice in the hall. You tell me you are interested in Iris. Very well; you are just the man to help me."

"May I ask how, Mr. Henley?"

"Of course you may. You can find your way to her confidence, if you choose to try; she will trust you, when she won't trust her father. I don't care two straws about her other secrets; but I do want to know whether she is, or is not, plotting to marry the Irish blackguard. Satisfy me about that, and you needn't tell me anything more. May I count on you to find out how the land lies?"

Mountjoy listened, hardly able to credit the evidence of his own senses: he was actually expected to insinuate himself into the confidence of Iris, and then to betray her to her father! He rose, and took his hat—and, without even the formality of a bow, opened the door.

"Does that mean No?" Mr. Henley called after him.

"Most assuredly," Mountjoy answered—and closed the door behind him.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FIRST SUSPICIONS OF IRIS.

From the last memorable day, on which Iris had declared to him that he might always count on her as his friend, but never as his wife, Hugh had resolved to subject his feelings to a rigorous control. As to conquering his hopeless love, he knew but too well that it would conquer him, on any future occasion when he and Iris happened to meet.

He had been true to his resolution, at what cost of suffering he, and he alone, knew. Sincerely, unaffectedly, he had tried to remain her friend. But the nature of the truest and the firmest man has its weak place, where the subtle influence of a woman is concerned. Deeply latent, beyond the reach of his own power of sounding, there was jealousy of the Irish lord lurking in Mountjoy, and secretly leading his mind when he hesitated in those emergencies of his life which were connected with Iris. Ignorant of the influence which was really directing him, he viewed with contempt Mr. Henley's suspicions of a secret understanding between his daughter and the man who was, by her own acknowledgment, unworthy of the love with which it had been her misfortune to regard him. At the same time, Hugh's mind was reluctantly in search of an explanation, which might account (without degrading Iris) for her having been traced to the doctor's house. In his recollection of events at the old country town, he found a motive for her renewal of intercourse with such a man as Mr. Vimpany, in the compassionate feeling with which she regarded the doctor's unhappy wife. There might well be some humiliating circumstance, recently added to the other trials of Mrs. Vimpany's married life, which had appealed to all that was generous and forgiving in the nature of Iris. Knowing nothing of the resolution to live apart which had latterly separated the doctor and his wife, Mountjoy decided on putting his idea to the test by applying for information to Mrs. Vimpany at her husband's house.

In the nature of a sensitive man the bare idea of delay, under these circumstances, was unendurable. Hugh called the first cab that passed him, and drove to Hampstead.

Careful—morbidly careful, perhaps—not to attract attention needlessly to himself, he stopped the cab at the entrance to Redburn Road, and approached Number Five on foot. A servant-girl answered the door. Mountjoy asked if Mrs. Vimpany was at home.

The girl made no immediate reply. She seemed to be puzzled by Mountjoy's simple question. Her familiar manner, with its vulgar assumption of equality in the presence of a stranger, revealed the London-bred maid-servant of modern times. "Did you say *Mrs.* Vimpany?" she inquired sharply.

"Yes."

"There's no such person here."

It was Mountjoy's turn to be puzzled. "Is this Mr. Vimpany's house?" he said.

"Yes, to be sure it is."

"And yet Mrs. Vimpany doesn't live here?"

"No Mrs. Vimpany has darkened these doors," the girl declared positively.

"Are you sure you are not making a mistake?"

"Quite sure. I have been in the doctor's service since he first took the house."

Determined to solve the mystery, if it could be done, Mountjoy asked if he could see the doctor. No: Mr. Vimpany had gone out.

"There's a young person comes to us," the servant continued. "I wonder whether you mean her, when you ask for Mrs. Vimpany? The name she gives is Henley."

"Is Miss Henley here, now?"

"You can't see her—she's engaged."

She was not engaged with Mrs. Vimpany, for no such person was known in the house. She was not engaged with the doctor, for the doctor had gone out. Mountjoy looked at the hat-stand in the passage, and discovered a man's hat and a man's greatcoat. To whom did they belong? Certainly not to Mr. Vimpany, who had gone out. Repellent as it was, Mr. Henley's idea that the explanation of his daughter's conduct was to be found in the renewed influence over her of the Irish lord, now presented itself to Hugh's mind under a new point of view. He tried in vain to resist the impression that had been produced on him. A sense of injury, which he was unable to justify to himself, took possession of him. Come what might of it, he determined to set at rest the doubts of which he was ashamed, by communicating with Iris. His card-case proved to be empty when he opened it; but there were letters in his pocket, addressed to him at his hotel in London. Removing the envelope from one of these, he handed it to the servant:—

"Take that to Miss Henley, and ask when I can see her."

The girl left him in the passage, and went upstairs to the drawing-room.

In the flimsily built little house, he could hear the heavy step of a man, crossing the room above, and then the resonant tones of a man's voice raised as if in anger. Had she given him already the right to be angry with her? He thought of the time, when the betrayal of Lord Harry's vindictive purpose in leaving England had frightened her—when he had set aside his own sense of what was due to him, for her sake—and had helped her to communicate, by letter, with the man whose fatal ascendancy over Iris had saddened his life. Was what he heard, now, the return that he had deserved?

After a short absence, the servant came back with a message.

"Miss Henley begs you will excuse her. She will write to you."

Would this promised letter be like the other letters which he had received from her in Scotland? Mountjoy's gentler



Mr. Henley stared absently, and scratched his head more restlessly than ever.

nature reminded him that he owed it to his remembrance of happier days, and truer friendship, to wait and see.

He was just getting into the cab, on his return to London, when a closed carriage, with one person in it, passed him on its way to Redburn Road. In that person he recognised Mr. Henley. As the cab-driver mounted to his seat, Hugh saw the carriage stop at Number Five.

(To be continued.)

The clergy of the Chester diocese are contributing funds for presenting Dr. Jayne, their new Bishop, with a pastoral staff, which is to cost two hundred pounds.

The following rewards have been awarded by the Norwegian Government to the crew of the fishing-smack Gamma, of Grimsby, in recognition of their gallantry in rescuing the crew of the Norwegian brig Tangen, of Fredriksværn, which was abandoned in the North Sea on Nov. 17, 1888: A second-class silver medal to Robert Dines, master, and third-class silver medals to Charles Radford, mate; G. J. Hoyle, A.B.; and W. Stephens, boy.

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## WELCOME SEPTEMBER.

Though poetry has uttered innumerable welcomes to May, it may be doubted whether prose finds any months more deserving of them than September. To thousands of brain-workers in the many varied forms which mark these latest days the thought of September comes with invigorating delight. All over the English-speaking world the First of September is an anniversary which never lacks the charm of memory and associations with "the old country"—associations of the cheeriest kind, too. Look wherever we may, from open fields to gardens and cultivated grounds, the sight of ripeness and plenty meets us, nor is there an inconsiderable amount of blossom left. Golden sheaves, purple grape, and blooming peach, apple, and pear, are supplemented by the garden beauty of dahlia, convolvulus, verbena ablaze with varied colour, arbutus, and laurustinus—a charming *tout ensemble*, whether seen with the actual eyes or with those of memory.

Yes, to British notions the month has the kindest of reputations; and but one September has darkest hues—that dreadful one of 1792, when for some frightful hundred hours or so the assassins were making every crowded prison in Paris a slaughter-house, is but a foil to the crowd of happy months which have brought health and recreation to innumerable holiday-makers. Splendid as are the brilliant robes of summer, worn amid the full chorus of bird music, which has grown so much less in volume now, the early autumn's dress has loveliness enough of its own.

What a fresh breath he draws who stands jubilant, gun on shoulder, once more to taste the delights of the First! The very shortness of his sojourn among the fields but intensifies his appreciation. This fine September air is soothing and stimulating in one. The dew is yet gleaming, and the gossamer webs are stretched on hedgerow and field, while the blue smoke of each cottage fire with its turf reek, so different to town odours, mounts straight in the still air. Yellow and bare, the close-reaped stubble fields are shining in the early sun, the hedges alone showing along their borders any trace of the old-fashioned cover wherein our grandfathers were wont to find birds; but intermixed lie long fields of greenest, thickest cover by way of compensation. Waiting for our companions on this high ground, which commands so exquisite a view that one would be content to loiter here for hours, what a contrast of gold and green is the country below! And the green will supply what the gold lacks. Cover enough, and to spare, where partridge, landrail, leveret, and rabbit can disport themselves under the thick broad foliage, nor dream of the wary pointer's unerring nose. This is a green year. All the crops, whose colouring above ground delights the eye as their bulbs below become the farmer's hopes, are especially flourishing. Turnips, turnips everywhere, in varied luxuriance—the ordinary ones, which Charles Lamb said "depended on the boiled legs of mutton," the full-hued mangel, and the strong-flavoured swede. Equally a joy to farmer and shooter, the green sea gleams far and wide under the September sun.

Not yet is there much of autumn colouring in the foliage, save that here and there the tinted patches on beech and elm contrast with the still deep green of the majestic oak-trees in and out of which an occasional wary wood-pigeon is flapping. Few and solitary are the blossoms adorning the hedges in comparison with their recent aspect, and hip and haw are not yet of the vivid hue which lights up the commonest hedgerow as the year advances further. But the thick green boughs of the hazel rustle cheerily in the breeze, and sometimes when there is none, thus showing the first nutters employed in looking more or less stealthily for the earliest specimens. The song of the birds is more often heard than last month, but there is a subdued note about their melody, and several of the soft-billed ones are thinking of leaving our shores for the South. And in their place will shortly arrive others from more northerly countries to avoid the rigour of a still colder season than ours. Among these will be fieldfare and redwing, subsisting chiefly on the abundant supply of berries which our woods and hedgerows afford. Acorns and beech-nuts are on branch and ground—a plentiful supply for pheasants, squirrels, and pigs alike.

But the real and all-absorbing object of one's reflections and exertions is the partridge. And how many thousands of shooters and attendants are at this moment intent on the bonny brown bird which is so universally popular! As the steady old pointer—too "pottering" for grouse, or even for the modern express-speed slayer of partridges—begins his careful quartering and ranging, a thrill of placid pleasure reminds one of the many memories of to-day evoked by dog and gun. Trying first the stubbles, nowadays too closely shaven in most places to afford any of the cover our forefathers found, we perchance flush a covey which rises far out of range and tantalisingly enough skims up the big field as if bound for another county. But in the beginning of the season birds often appear to be going a great distance and actually go a very little way. The mere passing of a hedge (especially if it be one of the old-fashioned ones dear to the true sportsman) will enable the pointer to come on the birds in cover wherein they will lie. As, for instance, after plodding patiently over the long reach of gleaming stubble, we come to the hedge, and find a most pleasing potato-field on the other side.

Amid the tangled haulm, over ridge and furrow, the steady dog picks his way, nor is it long ere he stands statue-like, his jaws working with excitement. A brief pause, an advance, and whirr!—the first covey of the season gets up in good range, followed by a fusillade more or less successful as the nerves of each individual are cool or otherwise. One may be excused for missing the first shot of the day, and it is often done by very practised gunners, while, on the contrary, a neophyte sometimes on this occasion "wipes the eye" of far more skilful companions. The potato-field carefully tried, not forgetting the corners, which usually afford a shot, some more birds and a rabbit or two are added to the bag, and, in these days of the scarcity of hares, if fortune be propitious, a leveret which jumps from a furrow near the sheltering hedge. Next comes a big expanse, luxuriant with splendid turnips, and here of course, if anywhere, coveys should be plentiful. Ere this field is completely beaten a good many cartridges will probably be expended—it is to be hoped with a fair proportion of partridges to result, but the numbers very seldom tally, however "crack" the shooters may be. Then come luncheon and the delicious pipe, never so good elsewhere; the afternoon beat through grass fields and rough cover and patches of underwood, wherein scattered birds will often afford the finest sport.

Lastly comes the homeward walk through the long lane, where the blue blossoms of vervain are mingled with the pink ones of centaury, and through the hedge-gaps the purple flowers of the meadow saffron are seen. As dusk comes on the glowworms glimmer under the hedges, and signal the close of the opening day of welcome September, the month which Spenser sings as—

Heavy laden with the spoyle,  
Of harvest riches which he made his boot  
And him enriched with bounty of the soyle.—F. G. W.



## MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

*Nineteenth Century*.—The "drifting" of Italy, as the Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno considers, into political courses not perhaps clear of peril, induces him to plead for a return to the principles of Cavour. Dr. Behrend gives an account of diseases caught from unwholesome butcher's meat. The strictures of Professor W. Knight on the practice of superficial and perfunctory criticism of new books by hasty journalists are not entirely undeserved. Colonel Lonsdale Hale supplies an historical account of the exploits of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the Prussian Royal Guards, of which Queen Victoria is now appointed Honorary Colonel. The failure of Wordsworth to write his intended great philosophical and autobiographical poem, of which "The Recluse" was to be a part, is examined by Professor Minto. Miss Octavia Hill's remarks on the dangers that might arise from certain mistakes in philanthropic efforts to improve the dwellings of the London working classes merit careful attention. The policy of maintaining the British military protectorate in Egypt once more engages the pen of Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., who is inclined to treat diplomatic obligations somewhat lightly. Mr. W. S. Lilly gives us another discursive and familiar dialogue between three gentlemen in search of a presentable, if not credible, religion which might be recommended to a shrewd Hindoo. Social Reform is recommended by Mr. G. W. Russell as the main stand-by of "the New Liberalism." The grievances of High Churchmen are moderately set forth by the Rev. Canon Perry. Mr. H. H. Champion advocates the legislative restriction of all workmen's labour to eight hours. Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster condemns the want of consistent purpose and design in the plans of our war establishments.

*Contemporary Review*.—Three entirely distinct questions, which have, geographically and politically, nothing at all to do with each other, are by a singular editorial caprice arrayed under the one heading, "England and Africa." The protection of Egypt, and of the recent beneficial reforms there, is one question; the repression of the slave-trading marauders in the Lake Nyassa region is quite another; and the action of the Aborigines Protection Society with regard to Zulus, Basutos, and other Kaffirs, in the territories neighbouring the Cape Colony or Natal, is again a totally different question. "The Candour of Mr. Gladstone" is the theme of an article by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose own candour might have been equally manifest in his treatment of Mr. Gladstone's Government four years ago. Archdeacon Farrar testifies in favour of Mr. George Gissing's "realistic" romance of London working-class life, "The Nether World," that it does not exaggerate the prevalence of sin and vice: our review of the book expressed a contrary opinion. Mr. George Howell records the works and successes of Trades Union Congresses. The Rev. Principal Donaldson investigates the position of women among the Early Christians. The cruelties practised by the Kurds, with impunity, on the Christians of Van, an eastern province of Asiatic Turkey, are indignantly exposed by Mr. Athelstan Riley.

*National Review*.—The legislative work of the Session is computed by Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M.P., to the credit of the Unionists. Some account is given of the sect or school of Theosophists represented by Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky. A few specimens of Tuscan popular love-ditties have been collected by Mr. Paul Sylvester. Dr. A. J. Crespi argues that the creation of an order of secular deacons to assist the English clergy would be inexpedient. The article on "Orchids and Hybridising," by Mr. F. Boyle, is practically useful to the horticulturist, and interesting to the scientific botanist. Wordsworth's early acquaintance with the scenery of the Quantock Hills, in West Somerset, is a topic on which Mr. W. Greswell discourses with profit. Mr. W. Earl Hodgson can scarcely hope to get all political associations forbidden by law in the United Kingdom with its present democratic Constitution: would he begin with the Primrose League? The advantages of cow-keeping for farm labourers are explained by Mr. H. Evershed, a competent authority on the subject. We do not find that Mr. H. G. Keene adds to previous knowledge of the influence of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, and other French writers on the political movement of the last century.

*Fortnightly Review*.—Dr. E. A. Freeman contests the statements of Mr. Karl Blind with regard to certain imagined foreign precedents, especially those of Denmark and Iceland, Russia and Finland, for conceding Irish Home Rule. The geographical and strategical difficulties of maintaining Belgian neutrality are discussed. Mr. W. M. Gattie, by statistics of the thousands of books published and sold or borrowed from libraries, investigates the sort of reading preferred by the English people. The arguments of Mr. Paul Neuman against capital punishment seem worthy of serious consideration. Lady Dilke takes, on the whole, a favourable view of the prospects of the French elections. Professor Dowden's estimate of Coleridge as a poet is sure to be valuable literary criticism. "Dry-nursing the Colonies," with reference especially to South Africa, has been the theme of many writers, to whom is here added Miss Flora Shaw, agreeing mainly with Sir Hercules Robinson. Mr. William Day, the eminent trainer of racehorses, contributes an article full of sound information on "Our National Pastime." The account of a tour in Bosnia is agreeable; but we cannot approve of the wholesale denunciation of the Russians as a nation of liars.

*Universal Review*.—M. G. Sarrazin's critical study of Tennyson, published in his own French, and Professor E. Moore's essay on the references to Sicily in Dante, have some literary interest. The meditations of an old bachelor, called "Essays on Life," do not present very cheering reminiscences. Protectionism in France, the treatment of the insane, and local self-government in India are dry and heavy subjects for this vacation time. Mr. Julian Corbett's fantastic version of the story of Jezebel may be intended merely to startle, not to scandalise, uninquiring readers of Bible history. "Light and Shadow," a gracefully written and thoughtful story by Mr. Edward

Garnett, is continued. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Sir F. Burton's fine drawing "La Marchesa."

*The New Review*.—An Armenian writer, M. Sevasly, demands prompt attention to the effects of Turkish misrule, and the atrocious outrages of the Kurds, among the Christian population of those provinces—wrongs that England is bound by the Treaty of 1878 to redress. Mr. Claude Phillips reviews the progress of French art for a century past. The progress of the co-operative industrial system, in England and in France, is reviewed by Mr. G. J. Holyoake and M. Millerand. The possibility, in 1792, of avoiding the war between England and Revolutionary France is discussed by Madame Blazé de Bury. "The Dying Drama" is a reply, by Mr. W. Archer, to the melancholy view of the approaching extinction of that branch of literary art recently set forth by Mr. Henry James in an imaginary dialogue. M. Joseph Reinach extols the firm attitude of the French Republicans, and hopes for a victory of their cause at the coming elections. The Hon. G. N. Curzon gives an amusing description of Japanese wrestlers.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—The interest in lepers aroused by Father Damien's martyrdom of Christian charity will draw attention to an account of the Colonial Government asylum on Robben Island, in Capetown Harbour. There is a vivid description of a Midland Railway ride from London to Nottingham, on the engine of an express train, without a stoppage. A visit to Zimmé, a Shan city of Upper Burmah, a minute description of the life and training of Jesuit Colleges in France, and Mr. Donald Mackenzie's report of the British settlement at Cape Juby, on the north-west coast of Africa, convey much information.

*Murray's Magazine*.—Mrs. Kendal's "Dramatic Opinions" are frank and welcome: they partake largely of personal reminiscences of the stage. "Both my father and mother were on the stage," she tells us; "so were my grandfather and grandmother, so were my great aunts and uncles, my simple aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces." This is a remarkable instance of the heredity of talent in the Robertson family. The lady was the twenty-second child of her parents, her brother Tom, the author of many good comedies, being the eldest son. Among many anecdotes of interest, we learn that her father only consented

matter, and some useful or instructive articles which space does not allow us to mention.

The American illustrated magazines from New York—*Harper's Monthly*, the *Century*, and *Scribner's*—are always good. In *Harper's*, Mr. Theodore Child, late our own Paris Correspondent, who is an esteemed art critic, comments on the pictures by American artists at the Paris Exhibition. The same writer contributes an excellent description of Moscow: with both articles there is an abundance of fine engravings. The *Atlantic Monthly* and *Lippincott's* (Philadelphia), though not illustrated, contain articles of literary merit.

We have received from Melbourne eleven monthly numbers, from August 1888 to June 1889, of an Australian magazine, entitled *The Centennial*, the first important colonial publication of this kind; and we are pleased to hear of its success. It has many illustrations, by competent artists and engravers; and among its numerous literary contributors are several persons of distinction in Victoria and New South Wales, travellers and explorers, naturalists, and examples of rising talent.

*The Theatre* for September contains, besides the customary original articles upon stage topics and a budget of current dramatic news, a charming love-song by Mr. Clement Scott, and photographic portraits and memoirs of Miss Rose Leclercq and Mr. Bassett Roe.

The pile of September magazines on our table further includes the *Illustrated Naval and Military*, the *United Service*, the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell), *Art and Literature* (MacLure, Macdonald, and Co.), the *Newbery House Magazine* (Church of England), *East and West*, *Illustrations*, the *Argosy*, *Outing* (sport, travel, and recreation), the *Leisure Hour*, *Good Words*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, *Ladies' Gazette*, *Myra's Journal*, the *Lady's Magazine* (dress and fashion), and the *Ladies' Treasury*.

## THE WESLEY MEMORIAL CHAPEL, EPWORTH.

This chapel has been erected as a memorial to John and Charles Wesley, who were born at Epworth, where their father was for many years the Vicar. A very suitable site, in the centre of the village, was secured, and the buildings we illustrate have been erected—mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Charles Ganett, the well-known minister, who opened the new chapel on Sept. 5. The chapel is built of Shipley stone, and, with the school, forms two sides of a quadrangle; the third side is to be occupied by the minister's house. In the centre a statue of Wesley is proposed to be erected. The design is Early Gothic. The chapel seats about five hundred persons, and has a chancel and an organ chamber, but no side galleries. The school is for two hundred children, and there are five class-rooms besides. The whole has been designed by Mr. Charles Bell, F.R.I.B.A., of 3, Salters' Hall-court, Cannon-street, London, a well-known Wesleyan architect. The builders are Messrs. Kelsey and Son, of Epworth, and the total cost of the buildings is £3000.

One of the most interesting features of the Bath Horse Show, which was brought to a successful close on Aug. 29, was the competition for the best-turned-out tandem. The blue ribbon was awarded to a pair of black chestnuts, Brunette and Princess, belonging to Mr. W. Waterhouse, of Starborough Castle, Edenbridge, Kent, which were adjudged superior to

Elegance and Denmark, the winners of numerous prizes at important shows in London and elsewhere.

Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, visited Hertford on Aug. 29, and opened a public library and school of art, erected in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. In the course of a speech he alluded to the great advance made in art teaching during recent years. He agreed that no community could be in a thoroughly healthy condition if its whole interest was turned in the direction of material prosperity, even if it added solid learning. After all, our instincts for the beautiful as much deserved cultivation as any other part of our being.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, a silver medal of the second class, and a silver medal of the third class, which have been respectively awarded by the Norwegian Government to C. Leonard, master, and Fritz Mikkelsen, seaman, of the fishing-smack *Active*, of Grimsby, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the brig *Valkyrien*, of Skien, Norway, when she was abandoned in the North Sea on Nov. 14 last.—Captain Hayes, of the Pacific Company's steamer *Cotopaxi*, was, on Aug. 29, at Liverpool, presented with an illuminated address and a silver medal from the Mercantile Marine Service Association and a cheque for £272 for his gallantry in rescuing his crew and passengers when the vessel struck on an unknown rock, in the Straits of Magellan.

The Lord Chief Justice Coleridge presided on Aug. 29 at the annual meeting of the Exeter Oratorio Society, of which he is the president. In the course of his address he said they would permit him as an old man to be entitled to the prejudices of an old man. It was said that almost all old men in some corners of their minds were Tories. He was a thorough Tory on one point—music. He did not suppose that he, as Lord Chief Justice, should be allowed to have any politics; but he might say that he did not think his politics had undergone much change, except perhaps that they had got a little stronger. He professed to be a Tory in music, and he thought that the old traditions and the old classical models of music were the best they could have. He could as little understand some of the music put before them in the present day as he could understand Hebrew or Sanscrit. Music was, to his mind, the clothing and adorning of melody in the magnificent complicated harmonies of created sound; and he could as little understand music without melody as he could understand poetry without prosody, or prose composition without grammar.



THE JOHN WESLEY MEMORIAL CHAPEL, EPWORTH, LINCOLNSHIRE, OPENED SEPT. 5.

to her marriage with Mr. Kendal on condition that the husband and wife should always act together; and they have never been parted in twenty years of conjugal and theatrical life. Of the other articles we notice Lord Brabourne's, on book-collecting; Mr. W. M. Acworth's, on the Scotch railways; Mr. Victor Morier's, on Siberia; and Sir W. Gregory's, on elephants in Ceylon.

*Macmillan's Magazine*.—Mr. W. Clark Russell's "Marooned," in its most interesting chapters, tells how the young lady and the gentleman got a boat and left the uninhabited island in the Gulf of Mexico, and how it fared with them on the sea. Dr. E. A. Freeman describes the ancient Sicilian coast town of Cefalù, with its architectural monuments of the Norman reign. The condition of a Norfolk farm labourer is exposed in a talk with his wife. Mr. S. J. Weyman's commentary on the date of an Antwerp edition of the Greek New Testament, 1574, involves historical recollections of much interest.

*Longman's Magazine*.—"The Bell of St. Paul's," by Mr. Walter Besant, is continued. The educational uses of a short residence in some tropical region are set forth by Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. E. M. Chapman describes the sport of catching the tautoga, or blackfish, in American creeks; and the Rev. M. G. Watkins dwells on the charms of English riverside scenery.

*Cornhill*.—Mr. James Payn continues his story of "The Burnt Million." An angler, who is not a fly-fisher, discourses of pike, perch, carp, tench, and chub. Some reader of Dante, Milton, and Goethe makes a comparative study of Lucifer, Satan, and Mephistopheles—"A Trio of Fiends." "A Border Hillside" is the slope of the Eildons with the woodland recesses of Huntly Bank, the haunt of True Thomas the Rhymer. The novel entitled "The County" draws near its end.

*Time*.—The "Work and Workers" series deals this month with secondary schools in East London. The "National Scottish Drama," which is that of the Waverley Novels, particularly of "Rob Roy," does not make a very noble figure in Mr. J. M. Barrie's account of a performance at Edinburgh. Madame De Genlis, Tangier, and cricket-grounds, a pathetic little story by the editor, Mr. Walter Sichel, a sojourn in the Greek village of Krinori, an estimate of the scientific merits of the late R. A. Proctor, and Dr. Stanton Coit's explanation of the "Ethical Society," with some chapters of "Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship," affords sufficient variety.

*The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *English Illustrated Magazine*, *Woman's World*, *Atalanta*, *Belgravia*, *London Society*, and *Pinsley's Magazine* contain much entertaining





SKETCHES ON THE THAMES DURING THE STRIKE



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

An observation has of late been published to the effect that the beech-tree is never struck by lightning. The popular inference is that it possesses some innate property which prevents the attack of the electric stroke. It would be interesting to learn if anyone can affirm, from observation, or on other equally reliable evidence, that a beech-tree has been struck. A correspondent of a contemporary journal lately wrote to say that he had heard of such an occurrence in Ireland. Is this, then, only a popular superstition; or does it express, as these popular beliefs sometimes do, the empirical statement of some unrecognised law?

September is the month of that great scientific carnival known as the British Association, and, although the month is late for holidaying, I doubt not many of the *savants* will contrive to unite business with pleasure in connection with their attendance at the meeting. Somehow one is tempted to feel that much of the glory has departed from the British Association's meetings. Possibly, however, this feeling is only reaction after the stirring addresses of Belfast and other towns, which used to set the world in a ferment for years after their delivery. Things jog on quietly enough now-a-days, at all events, and public interest, as far as I can discover, is largely limited to the city in which the Association holds its meeting. The newspapers, too, do not give such exhaustive reports of the meetings as they once did. This is to be regretted, for, with all its shortcomings, the venerable Association has accomplished much good work in the past, and has interested in science many persons who, but for the chance visit of the *savants* to a town, might have wanted "sweetness and light" all their lives long.

There is always a fund of genuine humour to be found in the science examination-papers of school-children, and occasionally in the papers of their seniors as well. I remember a working-lad who attended a class of physiology which I had engaged to conduct telling me, in his examination-paper, that "the sweetbread was named the Pancreas after the Midland railway station in London." Lately I met with a collection of original remarks of this kind, some of true merit from a humorous point of view. "The name of the greatest philosopher of modern times was called Eureka," says one boy who evidently had Archimedes on the brain. "If an experiment be successful the result will be inevitable," is the oracular answer of another young person in physics. "Perspiration is caused by the culinary glands" is a fact new to science; and that "the body is composed of water, one half being avaricious tissue," is a startling remark. Still more humorous is the answer that "the organs of digestion are the stomach, liver, spleen, and utensils"; while a perfect gem of an answer is one stating that "the use of bile is to clean carpets." That "Juniper is a very bright star" was the brilliant answer of a young astronomer, and that "Phissiology is to study about your bones, stummick, and vertebrys" is a declaration which almost caps the preceding answers in respect of its true but unconscious fun.

An animated discussion has been carried on for some time in the pages of *Nature* regarding the vexed question of coral islands and their mode of formation. In this discussion Professors Bonney and Judd, Dr. John Murray, and others have taken part. The point at issue is the correctness of Darwin's theory of coral reefs, which holds that these formations arise through the sinking of the original land or coasts on which they were first begun. Dr. Murray has propounded a theory of different nature, and it was regarding this latter hypothesis that the Duke of Argyll waxed excessively angry with scientific men at large, because, as the Duke held (but erroneously), Dr. Murray's views had been received with "a conspiracy of silence." As far as I can see, the matter in dispute is still far from settlement. Personally, I cannot discover, from any evidence yet adduced, that Dr. Murray's views can be held to have rendered those of Darwin untenable. It is possible that Dr. Murray's theory may explain certain facts about coral formation without in the main interfering with the correctness of the theory of the great naturalist. In respect of Darwin's views, one strong point therein is the fact that they seem to explain perfectly how the three kinds of reefs—fringing, barrier, and atoll or lagoon reefs—merge one into the other by the subsidence of land. But the case is one in which we are bound to exercise our patience. Scientists are at work in Torres Straits and elsewhere on the coral reefs, and we may hear more exactly in a year or two how the matter stands. In science, of all pursuits, it is necessary to learn both to labour and to wait.

An interesting book lately published is that by Mr. G. T. Symons, F.R.S., on the floating island in Derwentwater. It seems that in the south-east corner of that lake, from time immemorial almost, an island or islands have appeared, only to sink and disappear after an interval. The precise spot is off the mouth of the river Derwent, and the depth of water is about six feet. When the island appears, it presents a green surface. It is of firm nature, and Mr. Symons tells us that on one occasion a number of people landed on it, accompanied by a band. The substance of the island is peat, and the theory which explains its rise assumes that it is a kind of big peat-blower upheaved from the bed of the lake. When the blister is "pricked" by some agency or other, the island subsides. The peat is full of gases, consisting of marsh gas, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid; and it is curious to find Dr. Russell telling us that the gas given off from the peat-island is practically identical with that found in the shape of the fire-damp of Killingworth Colliery. It seems, also, that the island appears above the surface in hot weather only. July and August are the usual months, but it has never appeared before June 5, and only on one occasion did it remain above the surface after Oct. 8. For other details I must refer my readers to Mr. Symons's interesting book. A new sensation will be in store for tourists to the Lake district, if they should chance to see this singular phenomenon of Derwentwater.

I have had occasion to write on more than one occasion of the close relationship which exists between the science and romance of the present day. Jules Verne has had of late many imitators in a line of literature in which he is *facile princeps*. But he is closely followed by Hugh MacColl, who in his latest romance, "Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet," describes in a truly interesting fashion a journey to the Planet Mars, with all its attendant excitement. The chief feature of this book is its strict regard for scientific laws and possibilities, whereby the journey is made to seem a thing of real nature. In the hands of old and young alike, this book will prove an astronomical romance; and if it is not too late in the season to recommend a holiday-book to my readers, I would say by all means read "Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet."—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P. Q.—"The Chess Problem" and Abbott's collection are two of the most recently published.

NEL KENNEDY (Glasgow).—We think the committee are entitled to do as you suggest. If their rules differ from those usually adopted, competitors should take note of the fact before entering. Of course, we offer no opinion on the dispute itself.

DELTA.—We have attended to your request.

RESONANCE.—You are quite right, but have overlooked a correction in the following number.

D. MCCOY.—The mere look of your problem would frighten off our solvers for a twelvemonth. It appears exceedingly difficult, but is too unattractive for our use.

S. P. L. (Kensington).—The problem you send can also be solved by 1. Kt takes K. B. P. to Q. B. 7th (best); 2. R. to Q. B. 5th (ch), &c.

W. HENRY HUGHES.—The construction of your problem shows skill, but the position does not satisfy our taste. We should be pleased to see more of your ideas.

F. G. TUCKER.—Very neat, and shall be published in due course.

G. ADAMSON.—Your suggestion shall be placed before the proper authority. Thanks for information.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2364 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal) and W. B. Kirk (Lima); of No. 2365 from S. W. Hereward, B. R. E., O. J. Gibbs (Coventry), and H. D.; of No. 2366 from Hereward, O. C. M. (Dundee), S. W. Hereward, Leo Benjafer (Malta), R. H. Brooks, Rev. Winfield Cooper, B. R. E., O. J. Gibbs, B. D. K. (Glasgow), and Leopold; of No. 2367 from R. H. Brooks, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Hereward, Benjamin, J. Hereward Shaw, B. R. E., A. W. Hamilton, Gell, Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), R. P. N. Banks, E. R. E., O. J. Gibbs, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2368 received from J. Hall, J. C. Tabor (Great Baddow), Shadforth, R. H. Brooks, L. Desanges, Rifleman, Dr. F. St. Dawn, Julia Short (Exeter), Bingham, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Forests, Italy Hook, Jupiter Junior, J. T. W., N. Harris, S. B. Tallantyre, Martin F., Alpha, J. Dixon, Thomas Clowin, F. G. Tucker (Pontypool), O. J. Gibbs, D. McCoy (Galway), Dr. Waltz, Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), G. J. Velez, Kevynman, E. London, R. F. N. Banks, E. Casella, J. Coad, A. Newman, Howard A. T. G. (Ware), R. Worters (Canterbury), E. E. H., T. Roberts, Columbus, H. Bourmann (Berlin), W. H. Phillips (Plymouth), W. W. Hooper (Plymouth), W. Wright, and F. Dawkins.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2366. By J. PIERCE.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt sq

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2370.

By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT AT AMSTERDAM.

Game played between Messrs. GUNSBURG and A. E. V. FORREST.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q 3rd	

P to Q B 3rd is the usual and, we consider, the better continuation.

4.	P to Q 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 5th

Making immediate use of White's weak spot.

7. B takes Kt	B takes B
8. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th
9. Q to Q 2nd	B takes K Kt
10. P takes B	

The exchanging of pieces has been altogether in favour of Black. White's forces are now practically out of play on the Queen's side, while his King's wing is at Black's mercy.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between Mr. F. L. MEYER and an AMATEUR.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd
4. P to K R 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
5. B to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
6. B to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
7. P to R 3rd	

When in doubt this move is an unfeeling resource with a certain class of players.

7.	B to K 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
9. K Kt to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
10. B to R 2nd	P to K R 4th

Too hazardous. White's game is cramped, and Black should try and keep it so. P to K Kt 4th seems better.

11. Kt to B 4th	
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A great relief to White's game.

11.	P to K Kt 4th
12. Kt takes R P	Castles (Q R)
13. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt

Mr. Blackburne has been invited to open the season at the City of London Chess Club by an exhibition of blindfold play. The séance is fixed for Monday, Sept. 16, to commence at 6 p.m.

The match between Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Black now stands  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in favour of Mr. Jacobs. The match is suspended for the present while Mr. Jacobs is enjoying a short holiday at Amsterdam.

The meeting of metropolitan secretaries to arrange matches for the ensuing season takes place at Oliphant's Restaurant, Ludgate-circus, on Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 7.30 p.m.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children the following resolution was moved by Baroness Bardett-Counts, seconded by Lady Henderson, and carried unanimously: "That this committee has heard with great satisfaction that the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to and Protection of Children has received the Queen's assent, and this committee offers to the honorary director, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, its hearty congratulations upon the event, and its warmest thanks to him for his painstaking efforts in framing the measure, and his unwearied exertions in promoting its passage through Parliament."

NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.

The Eisteddfod was opened on Aug. 27 at Brecon, in a pavilion capable of holding ten thousand people. The band of the South Wales Borderers was on the platform, and the proceedings began with the playing of the National Anthem. Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart., M.P., Lord-Lieutenant of the county, was the president for the day, and in his inaugural speech expressed a hope that the labours of the bards and students this year would be found as meritorious as in the preceding years of the centuries through which the Eisteddfod had been an institution of Wales. Father Ignatius also spoke, maintaining that the Eisteddfod, as the oldest institution in Britain, could bear the sneers that were levelled against it. A choral competition, confined to Welsh choirs, followed. Five choirs took part in the contest, the first prize being awarded to the Carnarvon Vocal Union, and the second to Newtown, who thus lost the gold bâton.

Lord Tredegar occupied the chair on the 28th, and Mabon—the bardic name of Mr. William Abraham, M.P. for the Rhondda Valley—conducted. The attendance was greatly increased. Eos Marlais sang the Eisteddfod song. The £10 prize for an essay on the utility of the Welsh language was won by the Rev. E. Jones, Llanwrst Rectory. In the afternoon an interesting choral competition took place. Prizes of the value of £25 and £10 attracted five choirs, and the spacious pavilion was crowded to excess. Later on Madame Patti, who sang five songs, excited the wildest enthusiasm by singing the Welsh national air, "Land of My Fathers," the audience joining in the chorus.—At a meeting of the Association for Promoting the Education of Girls in Wales, held in connection with the Eisteddfod, resolutions were passed rejoicing at the enactment of a measure dealing with the question of intermediate education in Wales, and earnestly hoping that in the administration of the new Act due regard will be paid to intermediate education of boys as well as of girls.

At the National Musical Association meeting on the 29th, presided over by Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Prince of Wales, the development of instrumental music in Wales was strongly insisted on. The social science, or Cymmrodorion, meeting was presided over by Professor Lloyd of Aberystwith, and Mr. Richard Roberts (Public Record Office), Mr. Egerton Phillimore, Dr. Williams, and Mr. Edward Owen advocated energy and unity in the publication of Welsh manuscripts, literary and historical. Without these there could be no full history of Wales written. The Earl of Ashburnham and Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., presided at the several Eisteddfod meetings in the pavilion. The orchestral competition excited much interest. Its subject was the first movement of Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. There were two entries—the Cardiff Orchestral Society and the Merthyr Orchestral Band. Mr. Turpin awarded the prize to the Cardiff party. Public interest, however, centred mainly in the "Chair" prize, offered for the best poem on the Bible. There were ten competitors, and the prize was awarded to the Rev. E. Rees (Dyfid) of Cardiff, who had won four national chairs already. The installation of the successful bard followed, amid great cheering. Pedrog, of Liverpool, took the second prize. The Ystradgynlas Choir received a first prize for singing, and the Cefn Choir a second prize. A vote of condolence with Lord Aberdare in his illness was passed. At night there was a splendid concert.

On the 30th the adjudications were resumed before an immense audience. The Rev. E. Lewis of Hull, and late of Buckley, Flintshire, won a prize of £20 for an epic poem on Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf; Mr. Edward Jones of Liverpool took the prize of £15 for a treatise on the position of Welsh among the Aryan languages; and Mr. William Davies, late of Bangor, won the prize of £20 for songs set to the Wrexham Prize Lyric. The principal event was the choral competition. The first prize of £150 was awarded to Rhondda, and the second prize of £50 to Porth and Cymmer. At night a concert took place, at which the victorious choirs sang.

Next year's Eisteddfod is to be held at Swansea.

THE COMMERCIAL REVIVAL IN EGYPT.

Sir Charles Cookson, in a report on the trade of Alexandria for the past year, remarks that the trade depression which affected Egypt in connection with the whole commercial world, and which in her case was aggravated by local circumstances, seems now to be passing away. Some Alexandrian business firms went down while it lasted, but those which have stood have increased the confidence with which they were regarded, so that business may be said to be on a firmer footing. The revival of security is shown by the fact that our capitalists are manifesting a greater disposition to invest their money in works of public utility. New companies for various purposes are being formed, and if they are successful much will be done to improve the condition of Alexandria and to develop the resources of other parts of the country. One project is to provide the town with electric light, another for the construction of tramways, and a third for the improvement of the navigation of the Nile which will facilitate the transport of the products of the lands adjoining the river. The most important of these schemes is one for improving the entrance to the harbour of Alexandria. It is proposed to widen the entrance sufficiently to allow ships to pass through without danger during the night, while it will be possible by daylight and in favourable weather for two vessels to pass abreast instead of waiting for their turn. The work of the Irrigation Department is progressing. The area rendered cultivable having been increased during 1888 as far as the funds admitted. In places where the river did not rise sufficiently high to water the country adjacent the lands remained uncultivated, except in a few instances where it was possible to grow a small quantity of maize by raising the water by artificial means. Extensive works for the improvement of the canals are in hand, and it is hoped that in course of time the evils of a low Nile will be materially diminished. Exports to Great Britain from Egypt during 1888 fell, owing to the decrease in the export of cotton and cotton seed, which is due largely to the low Nile, and the decrease in imports is attributable to decreased imports of machinery by the Canal Company.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes attained his eightieth birthday on Aug. 29, passing it quietly at his home near Boston. Letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in from all over the country, and in the afternoon he received a large number of his friends. Many beautiful floral gifts were sent, and the aged poet also received a handsome remembrance in the shape of a solid silver gold-lined loving-cup of beautiful design from his personal friends and former class-mates.

Under the heading "How I Lost £250,000 in Two Years" Mr. Ernest Benzon has published, in one volume, a sketch of his racing and gambling career, which is published by Messrs. Trischler and Co. It is dedicated "to all parents and guardians to whom is entrusted the responsibility of making or marring the future of the helpless children entrusted to their care, wishing them a full complement of discretion and amiability, and their wards a happy immunity from the miseries endured by the author during his minority."

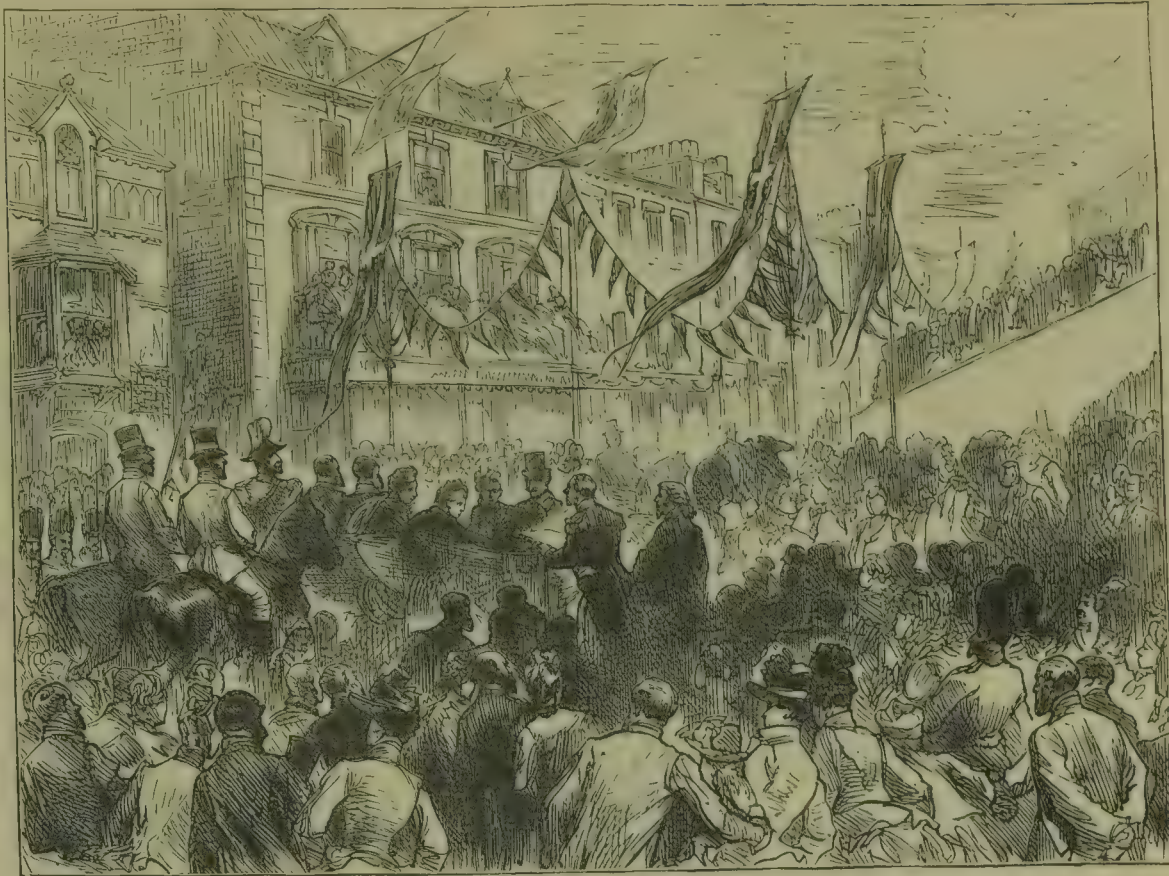




SIR EVAN MORRIS, MAYOR OF WREXHAM.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO WALES.

The chief incidents of her Majesty's sojourn in the valley of the Dee, where she occupied the mansion of Palé, at Llandderfel, near Bala, from Friday, August 23, to Tuesday, the 27th, have already been narrated. Our view of Palé, among the



CAPTAIN BEST PRESENTING AN ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN AT LLANGOLLEN.

residence of Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, with whom they took afternoon tea. Their carriages then drove into the little town or village of Llangollen, and stopped in Castle-street, where a platform and stands for spectators had been erected. A guard of honour was formed by the Volunteer Battalion (Denbighshire) attached to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers,

the Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. H. B. Robertson, owner of Palé, and the Right Hon. H. C. Raikes being invited to the Queen's table, the Roberts family and Mr. E. Wood Jones, Welsh harpist, introduced by Mr. W. Durant Gibbings, hon. secretary to the Bala Reception Committee, played Welsh music.

It has been mentioned that her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, on Tuesday, Aug. 27, went to Barmouth, on the seacoast, to lay the foundation-stone of a new church. The Royal party were met at Barmouth by a procession of clergy, who conducted them, with a guard of Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers from Carnarvon, to the site of the intended church. It will stand in a very commanding situation. The site has been scooped out of the rocky hillside, at a spot from which a magnificent view to seaward may be obtained. Here was the stone which her Royal Highness was to lay, and a distinguished body of clergy were present, including the Bishops of Bangor and London, Archdeacons Pryce, Evans, and Griffiths, and the Dean of Bangor. After the ceremony, the Royal party were entertained at luncheon by the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry. Their Royal Highnesses returned via Portmadoc to Blaenau Festiniog, and thence by train to Llandderfel.

The scenery of Barmouth and of the valley of the Mawddach up to Dolgelly, the small county town of Merionethshire, is very interesting. Our illustrations of this neighbourhood comprise the Roman Steps and Causeway at Lynn Cwm Bychan, within an easy and beautiful drive from Barmouth. Another sketch is that of the Waterfall near Penmaenpool, which is a little village at the head of the estuary of the Mawddach river. The scene presented in our last illustration is the "Torrent Walk" at Dolgelly. This is a beautifully wooded gorge, down which rushes, in innumerable rapids and cascades, one of the tributaries of the river Wnion. So moist and warm is the atmosphere that the trees are covered with luxuriant moss, and ferns grow all over their trunks.

We are indebted to Mr. H. C. Bayley, of Craybrow, Lymm, Cheshire, for photographic views of these scenes at Barmouth and Dolgelly. The Portrait of Sir Evan Morris, the Mayor of Wrexham, is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi. This gentleman, after the loyal and cordial reception of the Queen at Wrexham on Aug. 24, was invited by her Majesty to luncheon at Palé, and was knighted, on the day of her departure from Wales to Scotland.

The album presented to the Queen by the inhabitants of Corwen was made by Messrs. Parkins, Gatto, and Co. It is of oblong shape, bound in red russia leather, and mounted in 18-carat gold. The designs were carved and chased: a Welsh antique harp, surmounted by an Imperial crown, the strings interlaced by a ribbon inscribed "Corwen, 1889"; below this the letters "V.R. & L.", the whole environed by two leeks. At the corners are the Welsh arms, surmounted by the ancient Welsh crown, with quaint ribbons bearing the four mottoes "Heb Dduw heb-ddim," "Duw a digon," "Cymru am byth," and "Ein Buddug."



THE ROBERTS FAMILY OF HARPISTS PLAYING BEFORE THE QUEEN AT PALÉ.

Illustrations we published last week, was from a photograph by Messrs. Lettsom and Son, of Llangollen. We have already related Princess Beatrice's descent into the Ruabon Coal-mine.

The Queen's visit to Llangollen, on the Monday, was one of the most agreeable excursions. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Alice of Hesse, with the Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, Postmaster-General, as Minister of State in attendance, travelled by the railway from Llandderfel to Llangollen. The Royal party first visited Bryntisilio, the

whose regular band was in attendance. On the platform were the Chairman of the Local Board, Captain J. C. Best, R.N., in naval uniform; Lord and Lady Trevor; Sir John Puleston, M.P.; the Hon. A. H. Walsh, M.P.; the Clerk to the Local Board; the Chairman of the Reception Committee, Mr. Owen Slaney Wynne; and Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P., who had ready for presentation the first bar of gold produced from a Welsh mine—a bar made in the Jubilee year.

From Llangollen the Royal party proceeded at a brisk pace to Corwen along Telford's great road, which leads from Shrewsbury to Holyhead. Here again there was a public gathering, with local gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Charles Wynne of Rhug, Mr. Charles Owen of Hengwrt Ucha, and the Rector of Corwen. The ceremony took place in the market-place, where an address was presented, and also an album mounted in Welsh gold, containing views of Corwen. The children sang the National Anthem. The carriages drove to the station, and the Royal party took train for Llandderfel.

At Palé, in the evening, while the Royal party were at dinner,



PRINCESS BEATRICE "FIRING A SHOT" IN WYNNSTAY COAL-MINE, RUABON.



ALBUM PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT CORWEN.

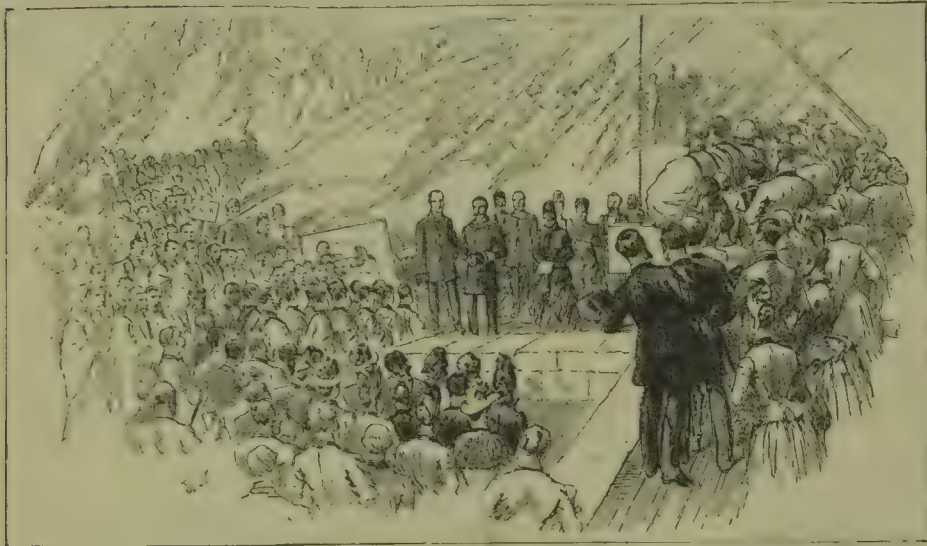




SITE OF THE PROPOSED NEW CHURCH AT BARMOUTH.



ROMAN CAUSEWAY AND STEPS, LLYN CWM BYCHAN.



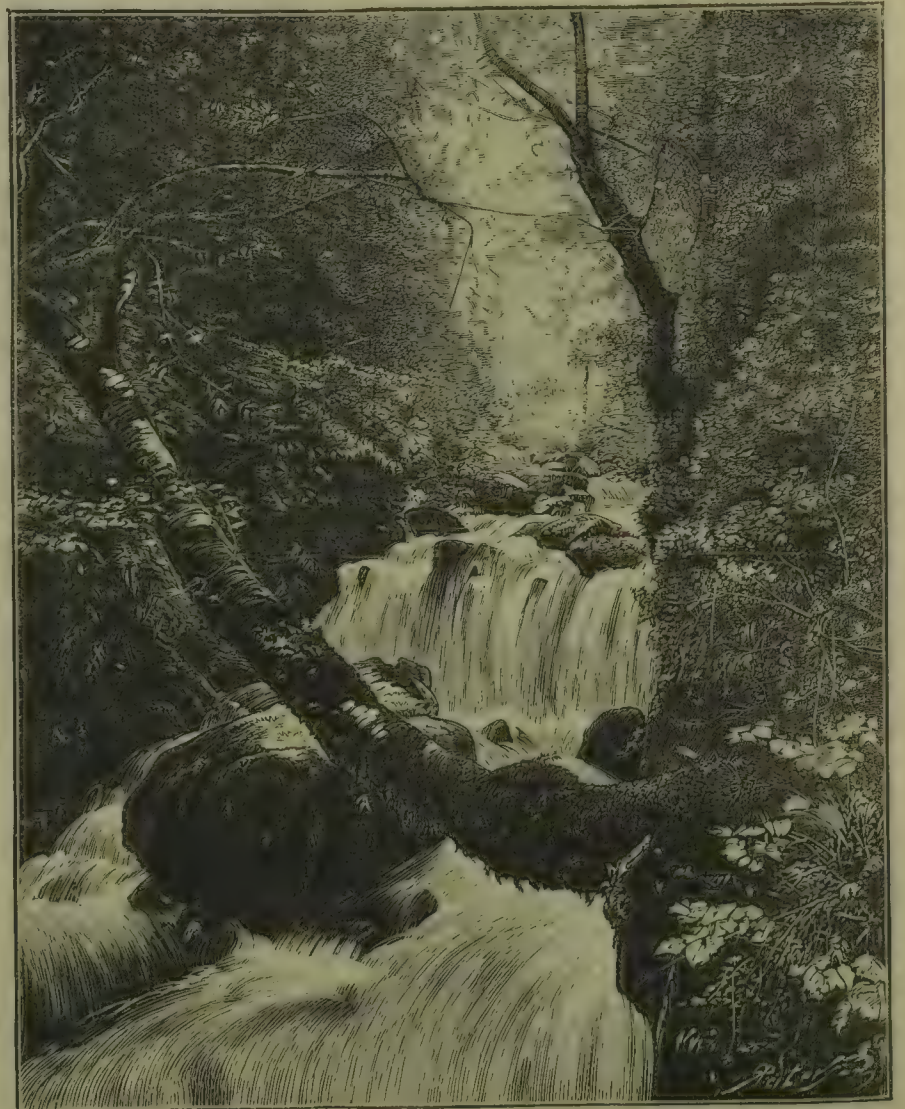
LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW CHURCH AT BARMOUTH.



PRINCESS BEATRICE AT BARMOUTH: LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.

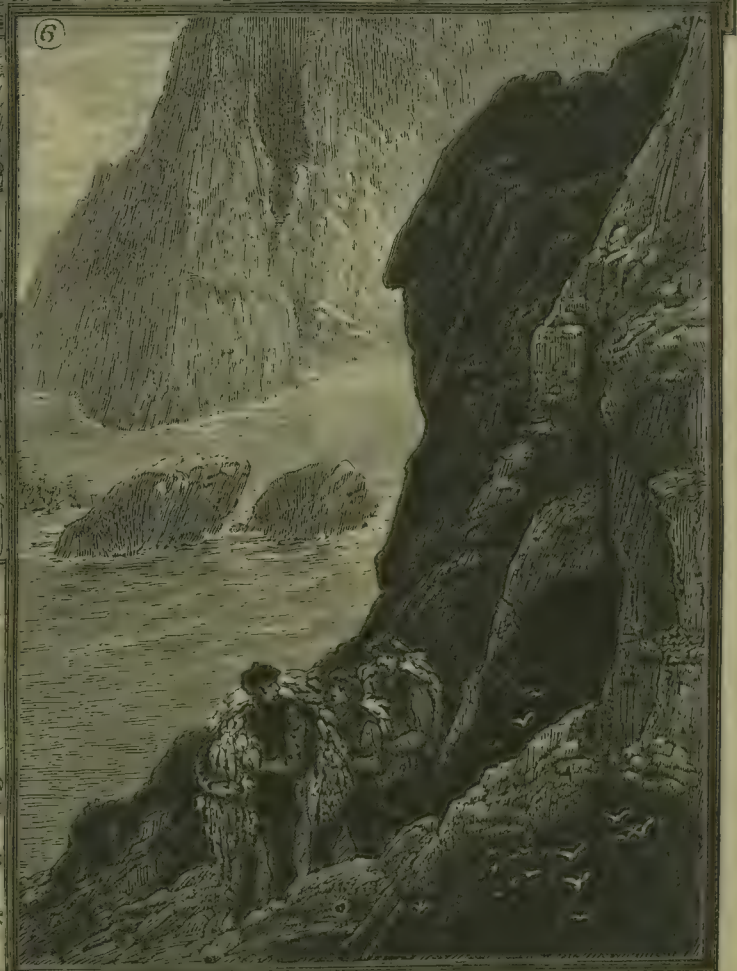


WATERFALL NEAR PENMAENPOOL.



IN THE TORRENT WALK, DOLGELLY.





1. St. Kilda, Town and Bay, from the South.  
2. The Burial-Ground.

3. St. Kilda and Stack Lee.  
4. Street View.

5. Group of Women.  
6. Returning from Fulmar.

7. The St. Kilda Parliament.  
8. Dividing the Catch from Fulmar.

SKETCHES OF ST. KILDA, WESTERN HEBRIDES.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. WILSON AND CO., ABERDEEN.



## LEADVILLE.

On a lofty plateau, more than ten thousand feet above the sea-level, and almost surrounded by peaks four thousand feet higher, stands Leadville, the chief silver-mining camp of Colorado. Thirty years ago the spot was unknown, except to wandering Indians and trappers. Then a rumour spread like wildfire through the United States that gold had been found in the neighbourhood of Pike's Peak. Within a few days hundreds of prospectors were crossing the prairies. In a month thousands were on their way. Disappointment awaited most of them, but here and there occurred discoveries of fabulous wealth. It seemed like a scene from the "Arabian Nights." One party pushed on and up through the silent mountain fastnesses, until, at a spot 130 miles from the present city of Denver, gold was revealed in extraordinary abundance. The name given by the lucky discoverers was California Gulch. This was in the summer of 1860. Within three months ten thousand people had spread over the district—all smitten with the gold-fever. By 1864 gold dust to the value of a million sterling had been washed out and transported.

The few succeeded; the many failed. Numbers perished on the prairies in the slow and toilsome journey, before a railway had been constructed. Crowds reached the El Dorado only to die of famine or of fever. Awful tales are yet current of the sufferings endured, especially in the terrible winters. The place is above the timber-line. Every scrap of wood for building and for burning had to be brought up at wearisome toil and at enormous expense. With the thermometer at ten or twenty below zero, thousands of eager, hopeful, yet miserable beings had to live and sleep under canvas. They were decimated every night. To the weak and the ailing it was certain death. Even the robust often succumbed. The nearest base of supply was Denver. Provisions, clothing, tools, medicine, and all requisites had to be brought up on mules' backs. The simplest articles were at a premium, and were paid for in gold dust at five times, and sometimes at fifty times, their intrinsic value.

These supplies, and the mineral product taken back, had to be protected by an armed escort against gangs of desperadoes to whom murder was a pastime. Vigilance committees were the only defence. The scoundrels were often caught red-handed, and were shot down without mercy or hanged on the nearest available piece of timber. But in about five years most of the claims taken up were exhausted and abandoned. Only a score or two people remained of the rowdy, drinking, gambling, reckless, blasphemous mob attracted by the lust of gold. One of the last things done was to pull down the log concert and gambling hall, which had witnessed indescribable revelry and diabolism, and to wash out from the dirt beneath the rough flooring some hundreds of pounds' worth of gold dust, dropped there by the noisy and ferocious crowd who had left. For twelve years or so the district was almost deserted, except by a few melancholy individuals who persevered in washing over the old workings, and who obtained thereby a precarious livelihood. The place resumed its pristine appearance; for Nature, ever kindly, soon covers everything with a mantle of oblivion, and the frightened game returned to their old haunts.

Then, in 1877, another and a more raging fever broke out, and there was a second and a greater irruption of people. The former gold-washers had been put to much trouble and inconvenience by dark, heavy, earthy matter that impeded the work of washing, but had been thrown aside as valueless. No one seems to have thought of analysing it. There it lay—a useless incumbrance, as it seemed. At length, one man, more curious, or speculative, or enterprising than the rest, years after the spot had been practically deserted, subjected this dull-looking residuum to tests which revealed the presence of a large percentage of silver lead. This was found on analysis to yield pure silver at the rate of from four to fifteen and even twenty pounds' worth for every ton. To keep such a discovery secret was impossible. It got into the newspapers, and was published over the American continent and throughout the civilised world in a day or two. This brought another inrush, so that in a few months the place—renamed Leadville—had 30,000 people.

It was a repetition, on a larger and sadder scale, of the former story. Numbers perished by the way. For months their bones bleached on the prairies or through the awful mountain passes, or found quick and scanty interment on that elevated and piercing plateau. Rough roads were made. Stages drawn by six horses, as wild as those of the Ukraine, jolted, bumped, bruised, and killed the passengers, who had to pay eightpence a mile for the privilege, and were allowed only thirty pounds of luggage. A story is vouched for that three ladies, by birth and education, going to join their husbands, were packed in one of these top-heavy, crazy vehicles for twenty-four hours with a group of drunken ruffians, who

could only be kept within the bounds of decency and safety by being sung to sleep. Arrived at the spot, such travellers had to submit to the discomfort and danger of living and sleeping where they could. The disease and mortality were frightful.

When it was found that the supply of carbonate was practically illimitable, not only at Leadville but throughout the district, things began to settle down. Other towns were projected, though this one remained the chief. Streets were laid out and wooden shanties and huts run up; followed, after a time, by more permanent buildings. They are still, however, very much mixed. Drinking-dens, dancing-saloons, variety shows, and gambling hells drive a roaring trade, day and night, Sundays and weekdays, all the year through. Of course there is a theatre and an opera-house. The latter seats more than a thousand people; and in good times it is crowded to see the travelling companies, who find it worth their while to go out of their way to Leadville for the sake of the enormous takings. In the main street are some pretentious shops, and a good many that are anything but pretentious. Yet they all seem to thrive. Money is made fast, and spent, or lost, freely. There is a special craze for jewellery among the miners and their lady friends, whose particular weakness is for diamonds. It is shrewdly suspected that large numbers of the Cape products have found their way here, and have realised prices such as the best from Brazil usually command.

Of the social and moral aspects the less said the better. These will, doubtless, adjust themselves in time. The place has a municipality, a police force, justices of the peace, and all the usual paraphernalia of American civic

## ST. KILDA.

The small island of St. Kilda, the most remote and inaccessible of the Outer Hebrides, stands far away in the North Atlantic Ocean, sixty miles from Harris and eighty miles from Lewis. It is three miles long and two miles broad, and consists of rocky hills, one of which, Connagher, rises 1220 ft. high, with almost precipitous sides. The only safe landing-place is at a little bay on the eastern shore, where a narrow path leads to the interior recesses of the isle; there is another bay to the west, open to the ocean, and seldom of practicable approach. The inhabitants, about seventy in number, dwell in one wretched village, and, having neither agriculture nor pasture, while fishing-boats can hardly venture out in so wild and vast a sea, they subsist chiefly by catching the sea-fowl on the cliffs, and exporting the feathers for sale to get a store of provisions from Scotland. They also grow scanty crops of potatoes, and oats if they can. In the winter, being cut off from communication with the mainland, they live on the stock of food procured in the summer. Tremendous storms of wind and rain sometimes beat down everything in the island, though the cottages are strongly built of stones and covered with flat low roofs. In October, 1860, a disastrous visitation of this kind unroofed almost every dwelling; all the stock of food was destroyed, and the poor people would have been starved to death but for the accidental passing of a Government surveying steamer. They catch the sea-fowl by lowering themselves with ropes from the top of the cliffs, and on their return to the village, as is shown in one of our illustrations, divide the produce of their perilous pursuit. After 1715, at the time of the first Jacobite rebellion, Lady Grange, the wife of a high judicial personage in Scotland, was confined seven years in St. Kilda by her husband and his accomplices, because she attempted to betray their share in the treason. This lady died in the island of Skye.

## PARIS SKETCHES, BY "MARS."

A clever French artist, named "Mars," but not of a bellicose temper, is known by his several "Albums" of lively sketches on the Riviera, and on the shores of Brittany and the Isle of Jersey; also those of French children, "Nos Chéris," with their charming intelligence and alertness, either accompanying their elders, shopping and visiting in town, or in the country and at the seaside; or else with their dogs, ponies, kittens, and birds, "Compères et Compagnons," the different pet animals in whose society children often take delight. M. Mars has occasionally lent his pencil to the entertainment of our own readers; and we therefore readily notice a new publication, an "Album" of similar form, printed by Messrs. E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., 8, Rue Garancière, in which he delineates some of the humours of Parisian life, from the point of view of an amiable social satirist. The scene represented in



A CORNER OF THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, NEAR THE CIRQUE.

FROM "PARIS BRILLANT," BY MARS.

government. For all that, life, limb, and property are notoriously insecure. A stranger is cautioned not to leave the principal thoroughfares after dark lest he should be suddenly pounced upon by two or three blackguards—sex immaterial—who will order him, under cover of revolvers, to throw up his hands while his pockets are rifled. If he escapes being maltreated in addition, he is fortunate. Such a place is sure to attract the scum and refuse of society. But there are numbers to be found who have filled respectable positions elsewhere, but have drifted hither in hope of gain. Down one of the deepest mines, nearly a thousand feet below the ground, the writer was accosted by name. The speaker was a begrimed, perspiring miner, delving for sixteen shillings a day in the bowels of the earth at Leadville. Three years previously he was a briefless barrister in London. Everybody hopes to find a Bonanza. Where one succeeds, a hundred fail. The "grub-stakers" sometimes do well. This is an Americanism for a class of men who supply working miners with food, clothing, and tools, and take half the proceeds. Or, they buy them out for a few hundred dollars, and then sell the mine for one or two hundred thousand to a company, as many unfortunate English investors know to their cost. Yet Leadville alone yields between three and four millions' sterling worth of silver every year. W. H. S. A.

The cottage homes which have been erected at Hornchurch, Essex, for the accommodation of the children of the Shoreditch Union have been formally opened by Mr. R. G. Alabaster. The homes, eleven in number, have each accommodation for a foster mother and thirty children, and are built in the detached villa style on either side of a broad main street. In the village there are workshops, a bakehouse, swimming-bath, stores, chapel, school-room, band-room, infirmary, infectious disease hospital, &c. The buildings occupy about fourteen acres, and the remaining land, about sixty acres, is utilised as a sewage farm.

one engraving, which he permits us to transfer to the pages of this Journal, is that of the ladies seated on chairs in an avenue of the Champs Élysées watching the children. False social pretensions, however, more especially the ridiculous attempt to show off as a successful man of gallantry, which is a characteristic foible of the Parisian loungeur, come in for much graphic satire at the hands of this shrewd artist. The ladies are more gently treated, though he does not spare their ungraceful extravagances in dress, or the affectation of knowing smartness in their conversation and demeanour. It is, probably, to the "besoin de paraître," a sentiment for which we have no word in the English language, that many of the small follies of our Continental neighbours are due. But London society has other faults, we must confess; and the caricaturist, or the grave moral censor, may equally find materials in this city, or in any other metropolis, as well as in "Paris Brillant."

Mr. James Henry Spring Branson, barrister-at-law, has been appointed Advocate-General for the Presidency of Madras.

The Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board have issued the results of the July examination for higher certificates. There were 1161 candidates, including 64 girl candidates for letters. Only 785 certificates were awarded, and 51 letters to girls. There were 709 candidates for lower certificates, and 408 were successful; 66 candidates were examined for commercial certificates, and 25 were successful.

Mr. Edwin De Lisle, M.P., was married to Miss Agnes Hope, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Loughborough, on Aug. 28. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. Adrian Hope by his first wife, Lady Ida Duff, and is therefore niece of the Duke of Fife. The bride was escorted to the altar by her father, and attended by four bridesmaids—the Misses Mildred, Ethel, Mary, and Violet Hope, sisters. Mr. Everard De Lisle acted as best man to the bridegroom.



## THE "MURMURING SURGE."

The sea always makes the same noise. You may say it thunders, roars, moans, sluices, murmurs; but, if living within its sound, you will admit that these are nothing but modifications of the same rough harmony, variations of the one eternal monotonous tone. It is like nothing else, reminds you of nothing else, nothing else is like it or resembles it. You can never mistake anything else for it; you cannot imitate it. The wind among the trees or waving corn, a tune, an instrumental movement, may recall it; but you will never be deluded into the idea that you are listening to the great voice itself. It speaks in a language of its own—the foundation, the root of all the tongues in which Nature orally addresses man—a solemn, mighty language whose lightest, cheeriest words are uttered in a manner so impressive that you feel that, albeit the mood is friendly, it will brook no liberties, no trifling or frivolous disregard of what it says. A friend and companion, at once sociable and eminently utilitarian, it can yet never be relied on; its capricious temper too often defies precaution, and puts it beyond the management of the wariest. "Traacherous in calm and terrible in storm," there is little wonder that the stupendous element should have offered a symbol and a theme for poets from the time man's capacity enabled him to regard intellectually the works of creation—

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

And truly, when we would draw from it the full meaning and

teaching of its laughing or its angry moods, we must seek it in solitude, for, although it will fascinate and impress us even amid the press and stress of the busy port or the holiday crowds at play upon the beach, we can only contract an intimate acquaintance when holding converse with it alone. Gazing at it from far or near, from its own level or from some lofty standpoint, there is no diminution of the attraction offered to most minds. The reason is, perhaps, not far to seek, if we but let imagination have its way; and Keble, in more homely and familiar phrase than Byron, indicates that way in these words—

When up some woodland dale we catch  
The many twinkling smile of ocean,  
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch  
His chime of restless motion;  
Still as the surging waves retire  
They seem to gasp with strong desire.  
Such signs of love old Ocean gives  
We cannot choose but think he lives.

Yes, this is the secret. Such signs and such motion must come from life. And sorry is the plight of any thoughtful human being who cannot stretch his imagination far enough to concede this gift to the "murmuring surge." Indeed, so impressive is the sea in all aspects that the very feeblest flight of fancy generally seems sufficient to endow it with vitality. The most prosaic, the hardest-headed Philistine, when speaking of the sea, is wellnigh certain to fall into some expression indicating a sort of inborn consciousness of the fact. He is sure to say it looks angry, rough, threatening, or that it is cruel, greedy, or even that it dances, plays, or smiles—words

not usually applied to inanimate objects. Without being either Pagans or poets, people all round recognise somehow the fitness of such allusions; but, of course, when we come actually to poetry itself, a very volume might be compiled of words and sentences in which the watery main is apostrophised, quoted, or described as a thing of life. A "thing of beauty" it undoubtedly is, although of very varying shades and degrees, and it would be difficult to determine under what circumstances it stimulates and appeals to the imagination most. Individual temperament and predilection regulate one's regard and liking for an object, while the fluctuating moods to which we are all subject will further influence and direct this liking. Seen under "the blue unclouded weather" of an Italian climate in all its dazzling brilliancy of rainbow hues, the Mediterranean offers to some natures the most alluring prospect which the element presents. To listen to "the sighing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore" is the climax of enjoyment. The cool calm tranquillity which it suggests is irresistible in its attraction to certain minds, while others have a preference for it at moments when some Prospero has

Bedlam'd  
The noonday sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
Set roaring war.

Byron's "rapture on the lonely shore" and his passionate sympathy with the infuriate elements formed part of his turbulent and majestic genius; and kindred spirits of course appreciate the wild hurly-burly of the "ruffian billows" and their "deafening clamour," caring, they will tell you, but



A MONSTER CHRISTENING AT SAN JOSE, CHILE.

little for the sea except when presenting such a spectacle. No one can be insensible to its grandeur, but, on the whole, the majority love it best in more peaceful times. We cannot always be living at high pressure, or, on the other hand, sinking into indolence begotten of a southern temperature. Britons who love the sea (and, if they do not, who should?) at any rate find their average delight in the brisk, invigorating breeze which, without making their native element too difficult of management, still keeps it lively and fresh. In this moderate weather, especially, it is that we can observe the monotony and sameness of the noise it makes. Rolling up on to shingle or sand, bursting into spray against opposing objects, or abandoning for a while its greedy inroads on the land, yet in both its flow and ebb moving with eye-deceiving swiftness from or to its appointed limits, the sound of the sea is best likened to a murmur, loud or subdued, according to the distance and position of the listener.

Hence, we believe not a little of the power of that description in "Lear" of a vast outlook over the sea from a great height is derived from the lines—

The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.

How marvellous is the force with which these words seem to impress us with the situation! We can see the diminished bark, the fishermen on the beach looking like mice, the man suspended over the face of the cliff gathering samphire, and the crows and choughs winging the midway air, showing scarce so gross as beetles; it all comes before us vividly when we reach this reference to the unheard murmur of the surge. And that Shakspeare knew the strength of this concluding touch of his description is shown in the fact that he kept it

for the climax, up to which all the other details work in perfect sequence. It makes you dizzy, even as Edgar professed it made him; for remember it was but his imagination, a mind's-eye picture conjured up for the beguilement of the poor sightless Gloucester into the belief that they had reached the verge of the precipice. The two were, indeed, not within sight or sound of the sea, thus, as it were, accounting for Edgar's justifiably deceptive description—his pretext that the "murmuring surge" could not be heard by reason of the height at which they stood.

The influence which the much-resounding sea has upon the human mind may therefore be largely attributed to this same resonance. In that lies mainly its companionship, its society, its charm; and it is, perhaps, the only monotonous one which does not tire. Without its murmur, although beautiful to gaze at, it would be shorn of half its attraction; and we can perfectly understand the blind man deriving more pleasure from an intimacy with the "murmuring surge" than from any other of the languages in which Nature speaks to us. It invests it with life; the mere movement could not create half the same illusion—and by the same token we can conceive that, however it might delight his eye, the deaf man would be inclined to regard it much as he would a wonderful but dead monster. Deprived of its musical murmur, its most impressive attribute would be wanting.

W. W. F.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has selected the Rev. Charles John Corfe, M.A., Chaplain of her Majesty's Dockyard, Portsmouth, as Bishop for Corea, and has applied to the Admiralty to allow Mr. Corfe to relinquish his present position in her Majesty's Service.

## SKETCHES IN CHILE.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who lately visited the southern provinces of Chile, furnishes Sketches illustrative of the country and its people. The wholesale christening of babies at San José de Colico is a rather interesting scene. In the remoter parts of the province of Arauco, which can only be said to have passed completely under Chilean dominion within the last few years, by the subjugation of the Araucanian Indians, some of the civil and religious institutions are still in a somewhat primitive condition. At the village of San José, for instance, which does not possess a resident priest, it is customary for some ecclesiastic, dispatched on this special mission, to baptise at once the whole of the children born since his last visit, which may have been a twelvemonth before. On these occasions the whole feminine population of the district, with the mothers of the infants in the front rank, turn out and line the village street, the priest with his acolytes passing down the centre and blessing the infants on his passage. It has a picturesque effect; the women turning out in black mantillas and dresses of bright-coloured cotton stuffs, with well-flounced skirts, and the men, who lounge in the background, sporting their newest ponchos, often striped with bright colours, and their broad-brimmed straw hats; these are characteristic features of the Chilean national costume. The Indians, when they find employment in the agricultural settlements, will soon learn the Spanish language and adopt the dress of their civilised neighbours, merging before long in the ordinary Chilean population.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have opened a new branch line from Ramsey to Somersham.



ROUGH WEATHER IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.



A GOOD ROLL.

A SHOT AT A WHALE.





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“WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO.”—Milton.

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**Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of Others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.**

“Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE.”—SMILES.

## SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY—

“Come the four corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.”

THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

**IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S “FRUIT SALT”** is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood, and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

**SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.**—Dear Sir,—  
Having taken your ‘Fruit Salt’ for many years, I think it right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures. I am never without a bottle of it in the house: it possesses three most desirable qualities—pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after effects. A DEVONSHIRE LADY.  
“January 25, 1889.”

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Experience shows that sugar, aniline dyes, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherris, sweet champagne, liquors, and brandy are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

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“During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ ‘Take,’ he said, ‘an old soldier's advice: so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and woke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, ‘You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S “FRUIT SALT,” but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,’ said the Colonel, ‘I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayooobs.’ After that the Colonel was always called ‘Old Eno.’”—From “MESS STORIES,” by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall-court, 1889.

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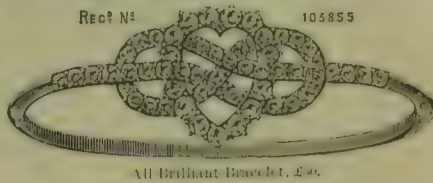


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OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF GRANARD.

The Right Hon. George Arthur Hastings



Forbes, seventh Earl of Granard, Viscount Granard and Baron of Clanehugh, in the Peerage of Ireland, Baron Granard of Castle Donington, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, died at Castle Forbes, in the county of Longford, on Aug. 25, deeply regretted. His Lordship was born Aug. 5, 1833, the elder son of Major-General Viscount Forbes, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Longford, by Frances Mary, his wife, daughter and heiress of William Territt, LL.D., and grandson of George, sixth Earl of Granard, by Lady Selina Frances, his wife, daughter of John, Earl of Moira. The house from which the Earls of Granard descend springs from Sir Arthur Forbes, a younger son of Forbes of Corse, in Scotland, a scion of the noble family of Lord Forbes. Lord Granard married first, June 2, 1858, Jane Colclough, second daughter and co-heiress of the late Mr. Hamilton Knox Grogan-Morgan, M.P., of Johnstown Castle, in the county of Wexford, and by her (who died Jan. 22, 1872) had two daughters—Adelaide, wife of Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, second son of the late Duke of Leinster; and Sophia, wife of Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, Bart., of Mount Bellew. He married, secondly, Sept. 4, 1873, the Hon. Frances Mary Petre, eldest daughter of William Bernard, twelfth Lord Petre, by whom he leaves five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Bernard Arthur William Patrick Hastings, now eighth Earl of Granard, was born Sept. 17, 1874. The lamented Earl whose death we record was Vice-Admiral of the province of Connaught, Knight of St. Patrick, Knight of the Order of Malta, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. He was also one of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant and Honorary Colonel 9th Battalion Rifle Brigade.

LADY MARJORIBANKS.

Marianne Sarah, Lady Marjoribanks, of Ladykirk, county Berwick, who died at Ripley Castle, Yorkshire, on Aug. 19, was widow of David, Lord Marjoribanks, created a Peer in 1873, and daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Haggerston, seventh Baronet, by Margaret, his wife, only daughter of Mr. William Robertson, of Ladykirk. Her Ladyship's marriage took place Sept. 10, 1831, and her widowhood July 19, 1873. The estate of Ladykirk came to her through her mother, Margaret, Lady Haggerston, only daughter of Mr. William Robertson.

LORD ADDINGTON.

The Right Hon. John Gellibrand Hubbard, Baron Addington



of Bramfield Place, Hertfordshire, and was raised to the Peerage, with the title of Lord Addington, July 22, 1887. His Lordship, who was head of the firm of Hubbard and Company, of St. Helen's-place, the well-known Russian merchants in London, was Chairman of the Public Works Loan Commission 1853 to 1875. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for Bucks and London, and a Director and Past Governor of the Bank of England and of the Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company. He sat as Member of Parliament for Buckingham from 1859 to 1868, and for the City of London from 1874 to 1887. He married, May 19, 1837, the Honourable Maria Margaret Napier, eldest daughter of William John, eighth Lord Napier, and had issue. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Egerton, now second Lord Addington, who was born Dec. 29, 1842, and until his accession to the Peerage was M.P. for Buckinghamshire. He married, in 1880, Mary Adelaide, daughter of Mr. Wyndham Spencer Portal, of Malshanger, in the county of Southampton, and has three sons and one daughter.

SIR A. A. J. STEWART, BART.

Sir Augustus Abraham James Stewart, ninth Baronet of Fort Stewart, in the county of Donegal, J.P. and D.L., died at his seat near Ramelton, on Aug. 26, aged fifty-seven. He was eldest son of Captain William Augustus Stewart, and succeeded his kinsman, the late Sir James Annesley Stewart, eighth Baronet, April 13, 1879. He was called to the Bar in 1874, and served as High Sheriff of the county of Donegal in 1883. As he was never married, the title devolves on his nephew, now Sir William Augustus Annesley Stewart, tenth Baronet, who was born in 1865, the eldest son of the late Mr. William Molloy Stewart.

MR. TOMLINE.

Mr. George Tomline, of Orwell Park, in the county of Suffolk, and of Riby Grove, in the county of Lincoln, died on Aug. 25, at his residence, 1, Carlton House-terrace, S.W., in his seventy-

eighth year. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. William Edward Tomline, M.P. for Truro, and grandson of the late Right Rev. George Pretymann Tomline, Bishop of Winchester. He was educated at Eton, was a Justice of the Peace for Suffolk (High Sheriff, 1838), a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Lincoln (High Sheriff, 1852), and Colonel of the Lincoln Militia. He represented Sudbury in Parliament from 1840 to 1841, Shrewsbury from 1841 to 1847 and from 1852 to 1868, and Great Grimsby from 1868 to 1874. He was unmarried.

MR. CHARLES HUNTLY.

Mr. Charles Hugh Huntly, C.M.G., late Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Grahamstown, Cape Colony, died suddenly on Aug. 15, at Dartmouth. He was born in 1819, and entered the Colonial Civil Service in 1839. He served in the Kaffir War of 1846, for which he was rewarded with a medal and clasp. He was Private Secretary to Sir Henry Young, the Lieutenant-Governor, 1847; Clerk of the Peace for Albany, 1857; Master and Registrar of the East Districts Court, Cape Colony, 1865; and Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Grahamstown, Cape Colony, 1869 to 1885. He was decorated with the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George only last year. He married, in 1841, Isabella Bennett, daughter of the late Mr. John Baillie, of Dochfour, and of Lamington in the county Lanark.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Samuel Osborne Habershon, at his residence in Brook-street, on Aug. 22, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. Alexander Wareham Durdin, Rector of Threxton, Norfolk, on Aug. 18.

Mr. Charles Henry Anderson, Q.C., M.P. for Elgin and Nairn, at Johannesburg, on Aug. 25, after a short illness.

Colonel Robert Law, late 31st Regiment, and Staff Officer of Pensioners, Plymouth, on Aug. 23, aged sixty-six.

Dr. Kelly, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Londonderry, on Sept. 1, at an advanced age. He was consecrated Bishop in 1849.

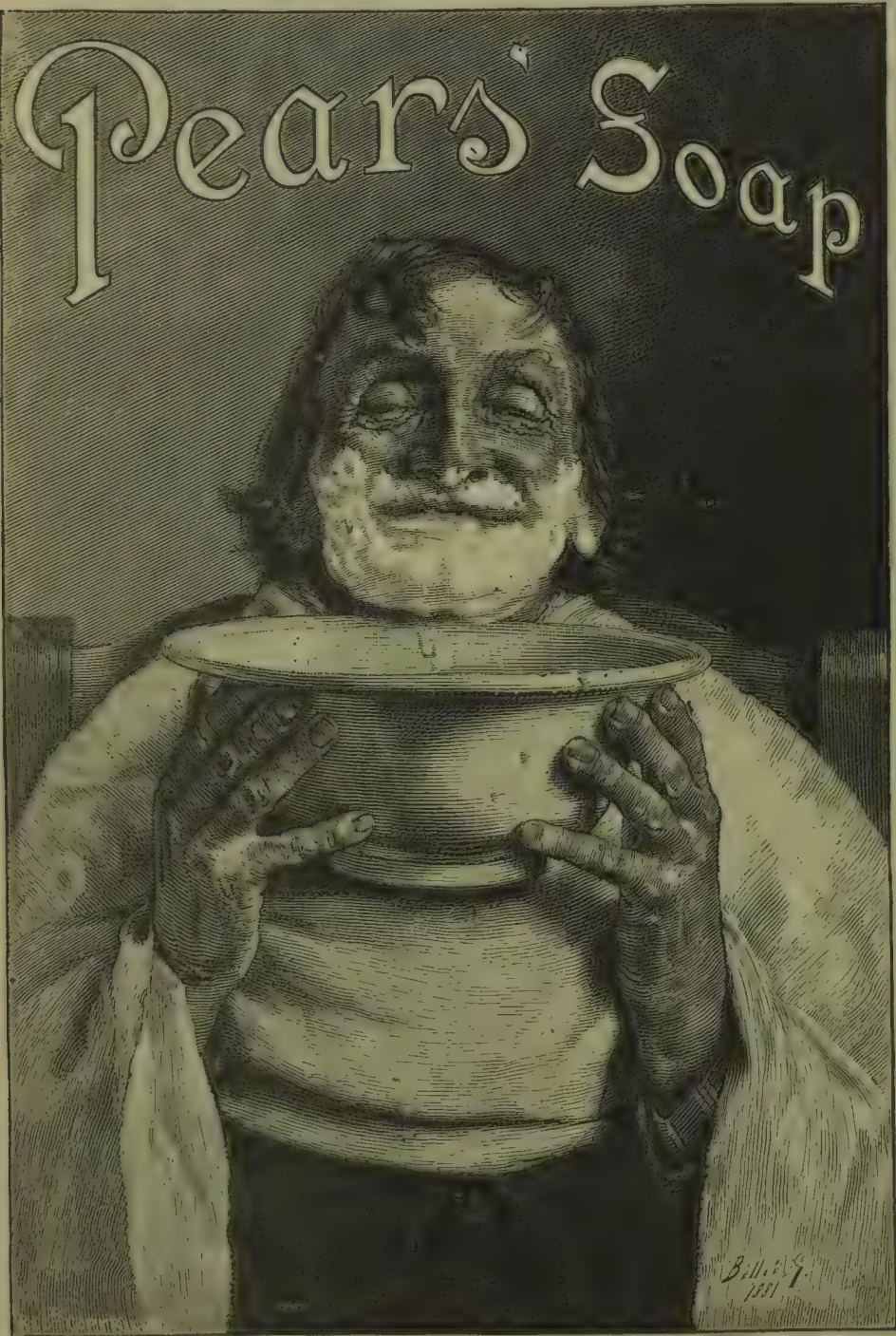
The Rev. Samuel Beal, D.C.L., the distinguished Oriental scholar, and Professor of Chinese in the London University, aged fifty-four.

Colonel Peter Trant Murray Payne, Royal Marine Light Infantry, on Aug. 18, at his residence, The Downs, Dartford, Kent, aged eighty.

The Hon. Lady Tryon (Clementina Charlotte), suddenly, from an attack of paralysis, on Aug. 25, at Heathfield House, Titchfield, Hants.

Mr. Robert Pryor, the late Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, in his seventy-eighth year.

Maria, Lady White, wife of Sir Arnold William White, Kt., and daughter of Mr. William White, of Clapham, on Aug. 30, at Leigham Mead, Streatham.



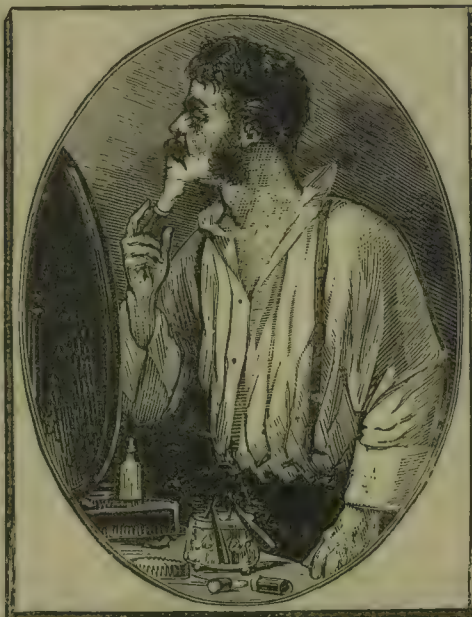
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Since I have been in Switzerland, I have met with quite a number of people who say that they have deliberately avoided the Paris Exhibition. Well, anybody who does so makes a great mistake. The Exhibition is unique and unapproachable. It is as superior to anything we have had in London (at all events in recent years) as the blue of the sky that I see from my window as I sit writing in the Hôtel Riffel, where the sun pours down through the unflecked atmosphere on glaciers and snow-clad peaks, is to the brumous beclouded heavens that we call summer skies in our tepid clime. Whatever be your special tastes and interests, from anatomical preparations to jewels, or from machinery in motion to pictures, you find in the Paris Exhibition such a display in that regard as you have never seen before, and may probably never look to see again. No description that I have read has conveyed to me the least idea of the extent, variety, and interest of the Exhibition. This is no reflection on my fellow-journalists: it simply means that the magnitude of the display defies the most liberal allowance of space, and the most terse and graphic of pens.

What will most interest ladies? Well, of those things which are supposed to be distinctly feminine in their attractiveness, I believe I shall always remember best the wonderful display of gems and jewellery. It is satisfactory to see that in every department England holds her own, notwithstanding the abstention of our Government from an official recognition of the Exhibition—an injury to French susceptibilities which the Prince of Wales has wiped out by his prolonged visits and warm expressions of admiration. In the matter of plate and of jewellery, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, have a display which compares well with that of any French house; and there is an American exhibit of the same class, which is very fine, too. The French jewellers, perhaps, take the palm in articles for personal adornment, but the Anglo-Saxon silversmiths are easily first in the flagons, vases, table-silver, and other work in the precious metals. There is a specially fine show of a class of silversmith's work which has only lately been developed—namely, enamelling, founded on the Japanese work of that character with which we have become familiar. Vases and other articles made in beaten enamel contain several layers of precious metals and alloys, each of which is put on in turn and hammered and cut into its proper design, so that there are innumerable chances of spoiling the article; but when successfully completed it is very beautiful, with its variety of colours and reliefs. It is necessarily expensive, even the little teapots in it costing a lot of money; but then they are true works of art.

An entire toilet service of solid silver, beautifully shaped and engraved, and comprising a large foot-bath and can, two big ewers, basins, a small ewer, two sponge-dishes, and several other pieces, was very attractive. A dear little silver box, containing a pair of curling-tongs and a spirit lamp, and candle-shades of pierced silver, with coloured glass linings, through which the light falls subdued and enriched, were silversmith's work as refined as they were modest, and comforted the spirits after seeing the toilet service and an equally bloated and splendid coffee service, which included cups and saucers and slop-basin of the precious metal.

Turning to the jewellery, and passing from case to case at random, imagine, if you can, a corsage-trimming in a design exactly like that of Brussels lace, only, instead of the pattern being in thread, it is in goldsmith's work, quite concealed by

the diamonds with which it is set. A row of great stones passes straight along the top of the corsage from the right shoulder to the centre, and from it depends the "diamond lace" in a beautiful design of roses, with a scalloped edge. From the bust, the other half of the lace is drawn down over the corsage to the left hip. So, at least, it is arranged in the stand; but this exquisite "diamond lace" is almost as flexible as ordinary thread lace, and can be arranged however the wearer wishes. Imagine, again, a diamond collet necklace, with, by way of pendant, a great Directoire-shaped cravat in diamond lace—like lace in every respect except that there is the superb glitter of the diamonds in place of thread. A large pearl appears to pin the cravat to the throatlet.

Another beautiful necklace is made with a flexible stem of gold set with diamonds at intervals; it clasps tightly round the throat by its own spring; at the end it widens into the shape of a peacock's feather, the fronds set with diamonds, and the multicoloured "eye" with rubies and emeralds. This large and lovely ornament, forming a sort of pendant, can be allowed to rest either on the bosom or the back of the neck, according to the way in which the stem is wound around the throat. A similar idea appears in a poppy bracelet: a flexible gold stem clasps the arm close, and the open flower (in rubies with diamonds sprinkling it like dew) rests on the top of the arm. Yet another flexible gold stem has for its ornament a cluster of blackberries in diamonds, with a couple of leaves of autumn tints in emeralds and garnets. And here is another superb ornament in "diamond lace"—a collarette, narrow behind, but falling in large Vandyke points in front, so that they would almost cover the bosom if worn as a necklet; the collar is apparently tied round the throat with two strings and tassels, all jewelled. This ornament separates into three parts—the two halves of the collar and the tie.

An ear of barley makes a beautiful ornament for the hair or corsage: the long thin sprays of the beard are in gold, the grains in diamonds, brilliants composing also two narrow-pointed leaves which fall back from the stem just below the ear. Another corsage ornament is a straight ribbon of diamonds, formed at intervals (which would come to about the centre of the bodice and the two shoulders) into natty little bows, always of diamonds. A loop of gold is attached at each end, in order that it may be sewed on to the dress at the shoulders. Another ornament is a narrow ribbon of diamonds set in gold twisted into a bow and stitched on to black velvet ribbon a trifle wider, which just backs up the gems; this is curious, but then some like to wear what will be remarked.

A very striking diamond tiara was shaped like two wings joined together and pointing upwards. Another was a spray of convolvuli in diamonds with the leaves all of emeralds, and those seed bulbs which are left when the flowers drop off simulated in large single pearls. A diamond cabbage-rose, with its multitude of petals beautifully shaped and constructed in diamonds, struck me very much; so did the flowers enamelled to the exact resemblance of every kind of orchid, both in colour and in shape, and the mignonette sprays, and the corn-flowers, and the forget-me-nots—all artfully lightened by diamonds resting like dewdrops in their hearts, and by diamond stalks. Watches as big as turnips or as small as threepenny-bits set in all sorts of articles are very attractive too: one is set in the end of a stem of apple-blossom forming a brooch; and other pretty little toy timekeepers are affixed to châtelines and pencil-tops; and one even appeared in a man's signet-ring. These things form not a tithe of the novel and beautiful articles to be seen in the Exhibition amid the jewellery alone. There are thousands of other ornaments which are

lovely to look upon, but not so original as those I have noted. Everybody who can should see the Paris Exhibition.

It is probable that the exaggerated tales that have been told of the charges at the hotels and restaurants have kept many people away. Well, we found those tales all nonsense. It is perfectly easy, whether in Paris or in London, to pay heavy hotel bills and dinner bills, if you have no objection to the performance. An American lady staying alone at one of the great London hotels showed me her bill the other day: it was twenty-five pounds for the week. But it is not absolutely necessary to spend so much in London—I do not say to live, but even to live luxuriously. For my part, I have stayed in Paris this time as cheaply as I have ever done. It is true, there was one day when we paid seven francs for half a baby chicken (cold at that), and two francs for a few leaves of lettuce, and sixty centimes for one little pat of butter. But that was when we were not ourselves. We were demoralised by having been to the top of the Eiffel Tower. What an undertaking that was! We started at a quarter to eleven, purposing to come down to déjeuner at half-past twelve. Truly, the passage to the second stage was short and easy enough. But on the second platform there was a queue waiting for the lift to ascend to the top—oh, such a queue! It went four times round the platform, and at last wound in and out and round and round between wooden partitions. The result was that it took us three hours to reach the entry to the lift. The only distraction we had was seeing newcomers approach, gay and unconscious, not having perceived the meaning of the queue, to the door of entry, and say to the gendarme in charge that they wanted to ascend at once: some of them even boldly clambered under the wooden railing and approached the clear space before the door. Then to the weary, footsore, scorched, hungry, and long-suffering components of the queue there came a moment of grim satisfaction as the interlopers were expelled and directed to the far, far distance, where the nightmare of a queue wagged its fresh and gallant tail.

We reached the top at last. We wrote our postcards to our friends who love curiosities; we gazed over the parapet and saw our fellow-creatures running about like ants, as busy, apparently, as purposeless, and quite as tiny; and we realised how hard it must be for any intelligence that there might be that was above the experiences of humanity to feel real interest and sympathy in these swarming mites; and then we noticed, what was very peculiar, that there were not as many people to go down as there were to come up. There is no staircase—no means of descent but the lift; yet the descending-room was not at all crowded. There was no queue at all up above; it was easy to come down when you liked. What, then, became of all the people who went up—so many that the queue took three hours? The up and down lifts were the same size—they made their passage equally often—but there were not nearly as many people to descend as went up! What became of them? When the great tower is lit at night from base to summit with red Bengal fires, sending streams of flame across the city, it looks weird enough to be the scene of any mystic rites. Is there any connection between those fêtes of fire and the disappearance of the multitudes? Well, we escaped, but descended to earth at four o'clock so dazed and worn that we paid seven francs for a piece of cold chicken and sixpence for half an ounce of butter. In our ordinary senses we found beautiful, bright, warm, interesting, gay Paris as cheap to live in as Brighton or Bath, and a great deal cheaper than many dead-and-alive English coast-towns at this season.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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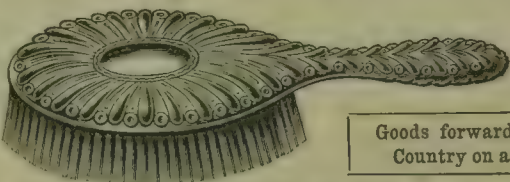
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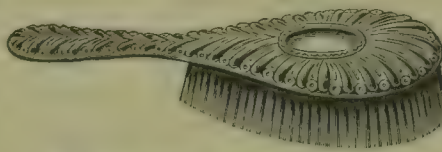
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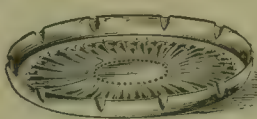
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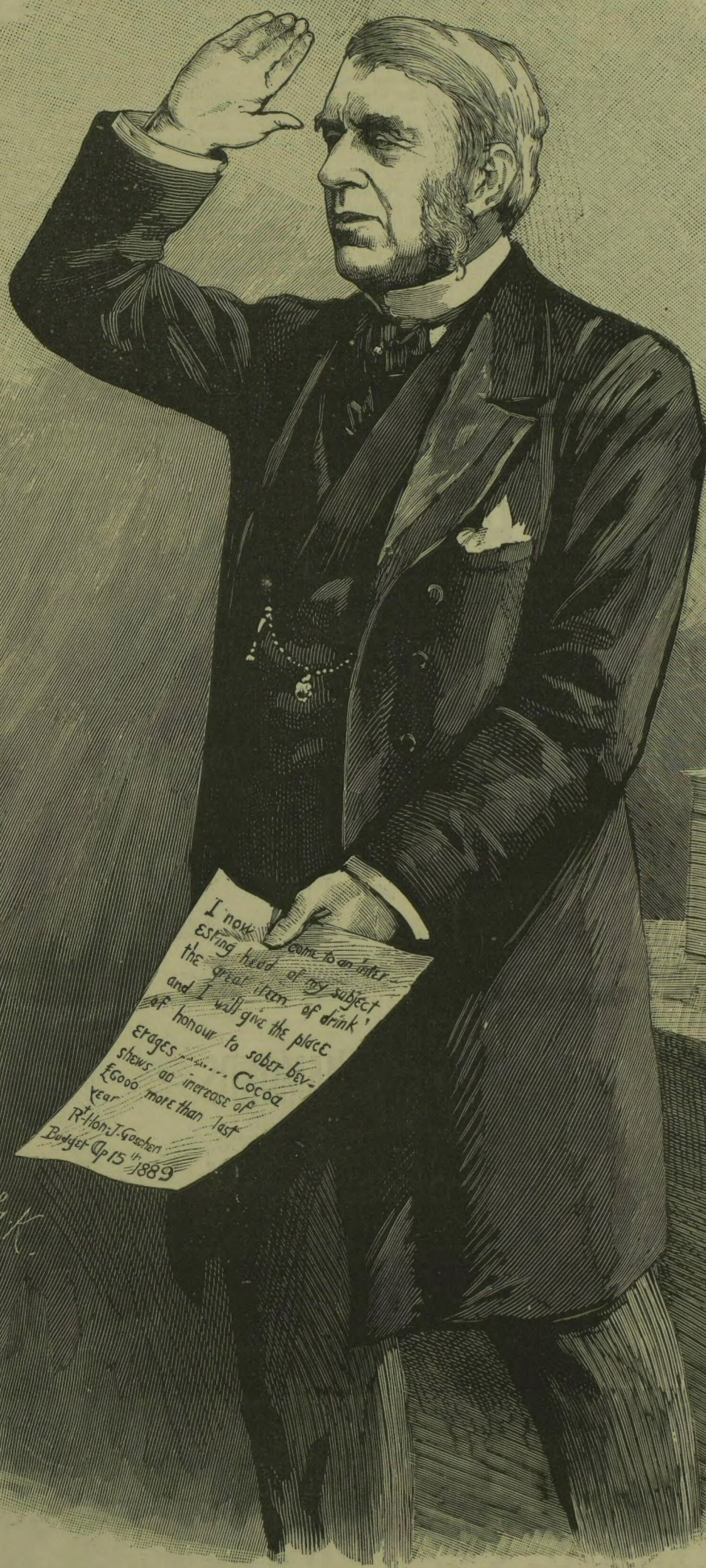
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of the Lothians and Peebles, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 23, 1885) of Sir James Falshaw, Bart., F.R.S.E., J.P., D.L., Lord Provost of Edinburgh 1874-7, of No. 14, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh, who died on June 14 last, granted to John Falshaw Hobson and George Andrew Hobson, the nephews, Joseph Cook, and Alexander Ballantine, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £88,000.

The will (dated April 1, 1880) of Mr. Joseph Goddard, late of No. 63, Tottenham-court-road, ironmonger, and of the Priory, Upper-terrace, Hampstead Heath, who died on July 6, was proved on Aug. 20 by John Brinsmead, Thomas James Brinsmead, and Charles Goddard, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £137,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his wines, liquors, and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Susannah Harriet Goddard; he also gives her, for life or widowhood, the use of his residence, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, and the income of £15,000; £1000, upon trust, for his brother, John Goddard, for life; £1000, upon trust, for each of them, James Goddard and Joseph Goddard, the sons of his late partner, for their respective lives; £1000, upon trust, for Charles James Atkinson, for many years his clerk and manager, for life; £100 to his executor, Mr. John Brinsmead, and £50 to each of his other executors. The leases of his business premises, with the goodwill, plant, machinery, stock-in-trade, and capital of his business, are to be offered to his sons Charles and Frank at a valuation, but they are not to be charged anything for the leases and goodwill. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, in trust, for all his children, Elizabeth, Susannah, Charles, Mary, Frank, Ernest, and Percy.

The will (dated April 29, 1887) of Mr. Samuel Blain, late of Mayfield, Bunbury, Cheshire, who died on April 30, was proved on Aug. 27 by Mrs. Eliza Blain, the widow; William Blain, the brother; and Alfred Blain, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his house-keeping stores, furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, household effects, horses, carriages, gardening effects, and live and dead farming stock, to his wife; he also gives her the use

of his residence for life, and £500 per annum during widowhood. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one moiety to his son Alfred, and as to the other moiety to his daughter, Constance Edith, and his son William James Fletcher, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 7, 1887) of Mr. John Mortlock, late of Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, who died on Nov. 24 last, was proved on Aug. 24 by Miss Clara Louisa Mortlock, the niece, and Henry Dalton Nash, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator confirms the settlement made by him of his lands at Foulmire; and he gives his house and grounds at Melbourn, with the furniture, horses, carriages, indoor and outdoor effects, to his daughter, Elizabeth Bailey, for life. His real estate he devises, upon trust, to pay the income to his said daughter for life. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths, upon trust, to pay, during the life of his daughter, annuities to his son, Charles Anthony, and his granddaughter, Nellie, and, subject thereto, to pay the annual income to his daughter for her life. At his daughter's death, he further bequeaths £2000 each to his nieces Clara Louisa and Fanny Mortlock; £2000, upon trust, for his said son, for life, and then for his children now living; and £20,000 to his said son's children now living. The ultimate residue of all his property he gives to his niece Clara Louisa Mortlock, and the four children now living of his said son, Charles Anthony.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1888) of Mr. Edward Fountaine, late of Easton, Norfolk, who died on June 25 last, was proved on Aug. 23 by Sir John Bennett Lawes, Bart., the brother-in-law, the executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Lowsby; and his furniture and other personal effects to his sister, Dame Caroline Lawes. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his nieces, Blanche, Margaret, Rachel, Constance, Evelyn, Geraldine, and Florence Fountaine, at the discretion of his trustee.

The will (dated June 29, 1886) of Mr. Robert Kingston Burt, late of Fetter-lane, publisher and bookbinder, and of Olney House, No. 84, Highbury New-park, who died on July 10 last, was proved on Aug. 12 by William Henry Collingridge and Mrs. Mary Kingston Vardy, the daughter, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator confirms the provisions and arrangements contained in his articles of partnership; and bequeaths

£200 to his sister, Alice Mary Burt, and £25 to his old servant, Ellen Langdon. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1886) of Mr. William Crowe, formerly of Shrewsbury-road, Oxton, Cheshire, but late of Llandudno, Carnarvonshire, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 8 by George Holme, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £18,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his children—Mary Louisa, Emily Ann, Alice Elizabeth, Jemima Harriet, William Yates, and Eugenie—in equal shares.

Mr. Thomas Baynes, Solicitor-General of the Leeward Isles, has been appointed First Puisne Judge of that colony.

The recent Wagnerian performances at Bayreuth have been so successful that a profit of £12,500 has been realised.

The sale of the late Duke of Buckingham's herd of pure-bred long-horn cattle was held at the Home Farm, Stowe, on Aug. 30, and realised £2837.

Dr. Trollope, Suffragan Bishop of Nottingham, has been presented by the clergy of the Deanery of Lafford, over which he has presided twenty-six years, with an address enclosed in a massive silver casket.

In connection with the proposed middle-class school at Tavistock, to succeed the grammar school which was closed last autumn, the Duke of Bedford has paid £20,000 to the official trustees of the Charity Commissioners towards the building and endowment of an intermediate and technical school for Tavistock.

Mr. R. B. Browning has added his name to the list of patrons to the Shaftesbury Hospital, which will, under distinguished patronage, be shortly opened in London on anti-vivisectional principles. An anonymous donor has promised £1000 to the fund, and five donations, each of £100, were promised within two days after the scheme was made known.

London is shortly to receive a visit from Mr. P. T. Barnum, who is to bring to Olympia an exhibition that he claims is the largest show on earth. For years it has been promised by the great showman that this event would occur. Now that several large steamers have been chartered to transport the menagerie, museum, and circus, it seems an assured fact that Barnum means to fulfil his promise.

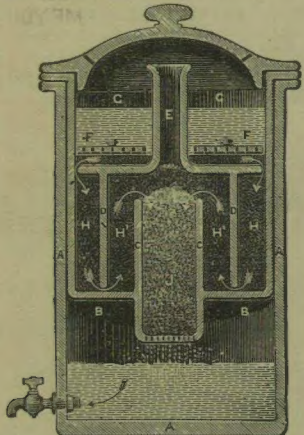
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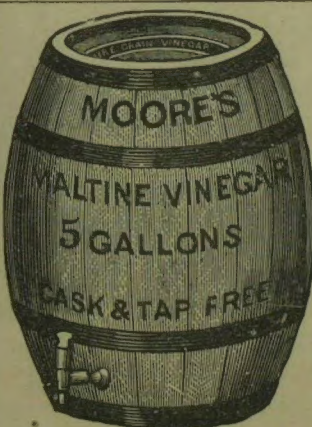
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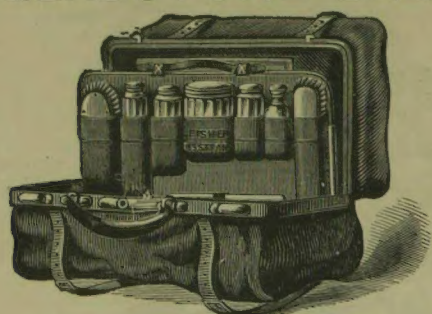
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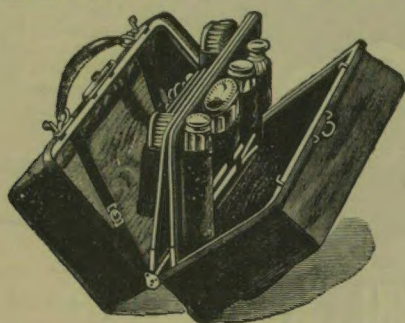
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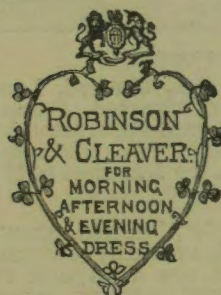
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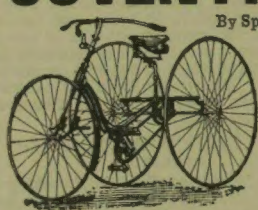
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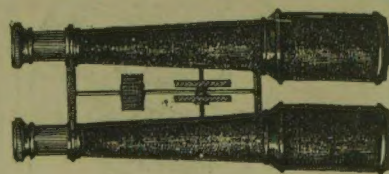
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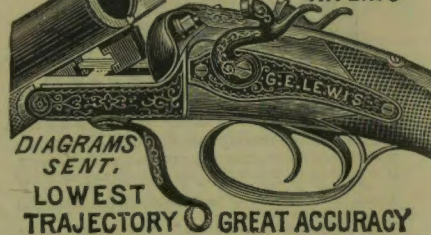
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(Corner of Rathbone Place.)  
All communications are considered strictly private, and should be addressed to the President, Mr. C. B. Harness.



## PUBLIC HEALTH. DAILY REGULATIONS.

### SAFE GUARDS FOR HEALTH.

HUDSON'S SOAP is a protector. Everything washed with it is purified and sweetened. It destroys all germs of disease harbored in dirt, and removes accumulations of grease.

The Healthiest, Sweetest, Happiest Homes are those where HUDSON'S SOAP is in daily use.

### THE LAUNDRY.

Laws, Laces, Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, Towels, &c., keep a good colour if regularly washed with HUDSON'S SOAP. Hudson's leaves no Smell. Excellent for washing Flannels and Woollen Underclothing.

### PURE LINEN.

Clothes washed with HUDSON'S SOAP are beautifully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as Sea Breezes. No fraying of the Cloth. No Hard Rubbing, Scrubbing, Brushing or Straining necessary.

### KITCHEN.

Everything should be systematically cleansed and sweetened with HUDSON'S SOAP. It removes Grease from Stove Tops, Cooking Ranges, Kitcheners, Hot Plates, &c. Copper and Enamelled Pans are not likely to burn if scoured with HUDSON'S SOAP.

### NURSERY.

The Nursery Floor should be regularly scoured with HUDSON'S SOAP. It will dry quickly and the room will be sweetened and purified. Also Baths, Feeding Bottles, and all Nursery Utensils.

### DOMESTIC SANITATION.

The water in which HUDSON'S SOAP has been used for Washing, Cleansing, or Scouring should be poured down Drains, &c. The Dirt adhering to the Pans, Pipes, Bends, &c., will be effectually removed. Disease prevented, and wholesome Dwellings ensured.

### SPARKLING GLASS.

Bright China. HUDSON'S SOAP saves the drudgery of "Washing-up." Removes Grease from Glass, China, Dinner-Ware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c., with less liability to breakage. Leaves No Smell.

### SCOURING.

Ease, Speed, Pleasure and Economy with HUDSON'S SOAP—very little Scrubbing and no Drudgery. Stone Steps, Balconies, and Window-sills will always look nice if washed down with HUDSON'S SOAP. Hudson's removes all obstinate Dirt. Greasy marks and stains disappear like magic.

The Order of the Day in every well-governed Home

USE HUDSON'S SOAP

A Pure Dry Soap, in Fine Powder, in 1-lb., 4-lb., and 8-lb. Packets.

LATHERS FREELY, SOFTENS WATER.

Reward! HUDSON'S SOAP is a Money Saver, a Time Saver, a Work Saver, a Linen Saver, a Glass and China Saver. All who use it Daily are rewarded with Purity, Health and Satisfaction.